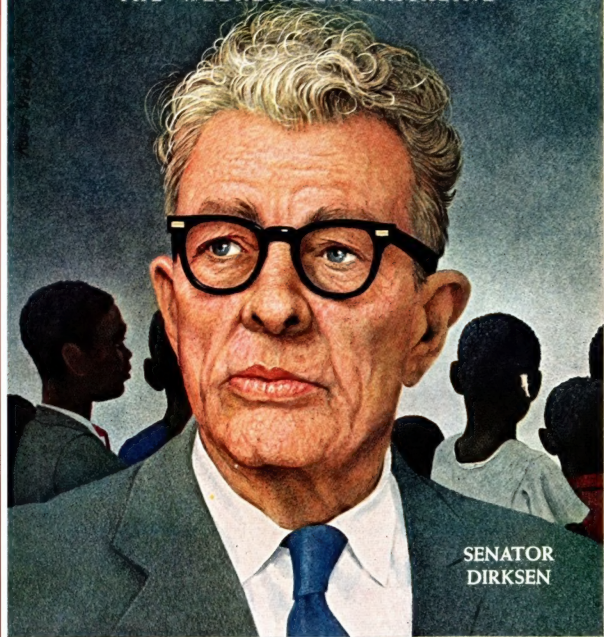


# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL  
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SENATOR  
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VOL. 83 NO. 25

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# METROPOLITAN MERRY -GO- ROUND EUROPEAN STYLE

Madrid/Rome/London



by Peter Griffith

These three great cities are as different from each other as they are from home. They make a fascinating trip, business or pleasure. And in each of them you can now enjoy all the comforts of Hilton. Air-conditioning...delicious local and international cuisine...exciting décor...friendly Hilton service.

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In the heart of Madrid's exclusive Embassy section, the Castellana Hilton offers you a cool, comfortable haven from the bustle of this year-round sunny capital. You're only a few minutes from the main shopping, entertainment and business centers of the city (and only ten from the airport)—but on your shady, flower-decked balcony you'd never know it. The Bull Ring is only a short drive away...the Prado Museum is even closer.

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## A New View of London

The London Hilton towers 328 feet over the West End's fashionable Park Lane. It gives you an amazing view of the city, with parks and palaces spread out below you. You're not far from Bond Street and some of the world's finest

Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, New York. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). At all Hilton International Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.



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FOR THE STANDARD FAMILY AUTOMOBILE POLICY

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of the insured. Remember, GEICO does not use the "Safe Driver Plan" and when you insure with GEICO, your rates are not increased because of your driving record as is required under the "Safe Driver Plan."

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COVERAGE	BUREAU RATE WITH "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"	GEICO RATE WITHOUT "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"
Liability.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Medical Payments.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
Comprehensive.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction
Towing and Labor.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction

(GEICO also gives you the usual additional savings in New York State of 10% for COMPACT CARS and 25% on additional cars when MORE-THAN-ONE CAR is insured.)

## GEICO RATES IN CONNECTICUT AND NEW JERSEY

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- ☐ Male ☐ Single  
☐ Female ☐ Married

Name.....

Residence Address.....

City..... County..... State..... ZIP #.....

Occupation..... Age to Nearest Birthday.....

Car	Yr.	Make	Model (dlt., etc.)	No. Cyl.	Body Style (sedan, etc.)	Purchased Mo.	Yr.	New or used
1								
2								

Days per week driven to work: Car #1..... #2.....

One way mileage: #1..... #2.....

Is car used in business (except to and from work)? Car #1..... Car #2.....

Location of car if different from above residence address:

Car #1: City..... State..... Car #2: City..... State.....

Additional male drivers under age 25 in household at present time:

Age to Nearest Birthday	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use Car #1	Car #2
			%	%
			%	%

My present policy expires Mo..... Yr.....



Grant Wood's "American Gothic" (from aprint with permission of The New York Graphic Society and The Chicago Art Institute).

## From conjecture to computer... change for this successful farmer

He is Ralph Raikes of Ashland, Neb. He orders his computer analysis from the University of Nebraska. The Raikes family no more resembles Grant Wood's grim couple of 1932 than a bulldozer resembles a bull.

The Raikes are college graduates, and three of their five children are now in college. Their new, nine-room farmhouse overlooks the farmstead of 1100 acres, 18 buildings, eight tractors, six trucks, two cars—overall investment \$441,000. Their 1962 volume: 300 head of cattle fattened, 400 hogs produced, 18,000 gallons of milk, weekly shipment of eggs to Omaha; plus hybrid seed corn and rust resistant certified wheat sold

under their own label. Gross business about \$140,000. An intercom system keeps the Raikes in touch with their helpers. Year before last, while Raikes and his eldest son were in Europe, Mrs. Raikes ran the business.

While more successful than most, the Raikes represent the new type of business farmer for whom *Successful Farming* is designed and edited. It provides management counsel on new methods and materials, automation, materials handling, plant layout, soil usage, animal feeding and breeding, and marketing—for the most part in actual case histories. It makes money for its readers. Its content attracts only the mechanized, major producers. Its selective circulation offers the largest

segment of farm buying power. And its long record of service has earned this magazine a degree of influence that makes the advertising in its pages more effective.

Any SF office can give you details. And ask about the sales opportunities in SF's flexible, late closing, Regional and State editions.





# San Miguel

World's finest beer?

Try it...and discover why San Miguel is Number 1 across the Pacific and a favorite of connoisseurs the world over.



Visit the San Miguel Beer Lounge in the International Plaza at the World's Fair.

NY4

Duett, Peabody & Co., Inc., permits use of its trademark "Sanforized" only on fabrics which meet its rigid shrinkage requirements under its regular inspection. Such fabrics will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test. Use of the Company's trademark "Sanforized-Plus" is permitted only on fabric which passes its regular tests and inspection for smoothness after washing, crease recovery, tensile strength, and tear strength, as well as meeting the "Sanforized" shrinkage requirement.



## Be suspicious!

Make sure you see it on the label.

If you don't, stomp off.

Or see the manager.

Be a real pain in the neck.

You can't be sure the fabric won't shrink unless you see **SANFORIZED**.

You can't be sure of the best wash-and-wear performance unless you see **SANFORIZED plus**.

Right there. On the label.

Don't fall for a glib "It's the same thing."

If it is, why doesn't it say so?

You're entitled to "Sanforized" and "Sanforized-Plus".

Get them.





*She's got two more cases of Schweppes Bitter Lemon stashed away in the trunk.*

## Is it cricket to hoard new Schweppes Bitter Lemon?

*(No—but it's smart. Last year Schweppes almost ran out of the stuff.)*



COMMANDER  
WHITEHEAD

**Y**OU are looking at a practical girl. Last year, during the Bitter Lemon drought, even Commander Whitehead could spare her only a six-pack.

This year, she isn't taking chances. As you can see above, she's hoarding cases of Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

Bitter Lemon is the newest triumph of the House of Schweppes. It was an immediate sensation in England. In America, connoisseurs are drinking it as if there were no tomorrow.

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is a great mixer. You'll get a remarkably good drink when you mix it with gin, vodka, bourbon, rum—you name it.

Schweppes Bitter Lemon is also

the first *adult* soft drink. It has a tart, lemony taste. So sophisticated that it's the only soft drink children *don't* like. All the more for you.

The extraordinary demand for Schweppes Bitter Lemon goes on and on. So rush to your store now!

*Caution:* To get the real thing—make sure the label on every bottle reads "Schweppes Bitter Lemon."



NYR1



$$h_i = S_i + \frac{F_i}{M_i} \quad T_i = f_2(h_{i-1}, h_{i0}, T_i, W, U_i, \sigma_{i-2})$$

$$\sigma_{i-2} = \frac{E}{L} \int (v_i - v_i) dt$$

$$HP_i = \frac{T_i U_i / R_i}{33,000}$$

$$F_i = f_1(h_{i-1}, h_{i0}, T_i, W, U_i, \sigma_{i-2})$$

## decisions, decisions, decisions

This is steel, rolling toward a customer at 2300 feet a minute. You cannot rely on human calculations for quality control at a time like this. So we've automated our hot strip mill to control itself. These mill "stands" are a mere eighteen feet apart. But between them lies a world of lightning fast calculation by electronic brain. Precise control like this helps us deliver better steels. Faster. More efficiently.



McLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON AND GIBRALTAR, MICHIGAN  
NYR2



**They said you couldn't  
get a great 8 year-old Scotch  
priced under \$7.00**



**...until they tried Bell's 8**

Expect more, get more from Bell's.  
Bell's makes the largest-selling Scotch in Scotland.

The canny Bell's® people have combined both age and thrift in this great new Scotch. They set aside some of their finest whiskies for 8 long years . . . then "married" them into a Scotch that's velvety. Polished. Delicious. And for the very Scotch price of \$6.99 . . . less than others that are years younger! Bell's 8...aged for 8...priced under \$7. Blended and bottled in Scotland.

# WOMEN DIG IT!

## 'THAT MAN'

BY REVOLON



A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE  
AFTER-SHAVE LOTION  
SPRAY TALC AND SOAP

## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Wednesday, June 17

**SIKKIM AND ITS YANKEE QUEEN** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.): The former Hope Cooke (Sarah Lawrence, '63), now wife of Maharajah Palden Thondup Namgyal of Sikkim, the tiny Himalayan kingdom, will narrate this on-location documentary about her new country and her new life. Color.

Thursday, June 18

**ELECTION YEAR IN AVERAGETOWN** (NBC, 7-30-8:30 p.m.): Salem, N.J., like it or not, has been chosen to play the title role in David Brinkley's report on small-town political attitudes.

Saturday, June 20

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.): Jockey Eddie Arcaro reports the Gold Cup Race at Ascot.

Sunday, June 21

**DISCOVERY** (ABC, 1-1:30 p.m.): "The Good Old Days—Part 1," a visit to Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Mich., which has been restored to its 19th century state.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.): "Ethiopia: The Lion and the Cross," part one of an award-winning two-part report. Repeat.

Monday, June 22

**VACATION PLAYHOUSE** (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.): A summer replacement series made up of situation-comedy pilot programs never before seen on TV, except by reluctant sponsors. Match your wits with the experts: Which ones would have rated top Nielsen? This week, Herschel Bernardi in "Hurray for Hollywood."

**HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.): Perhaps the best of old film clips are slapstick silents. This sample, "The Funny Men, Part I," features Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and W. C. Fields. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 23

**POLARIS SUBMARINE JOURNAL OF AN UNDERSEA VOYAGE** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.): The nuclear-powered sub *George Washington* on an actual operational mission. Repeat.

### THEATER

#### On Broadway

**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES**, but the theme is thorns in this perceptive new play by Frank D. Gilroy about the barbed blood-letting that drains people who live within the closeness of the family without being close. The playwright could not have dreamed of a better cast than Irene Dalley, Jack Albertson and Martin Sheen. **HAMLET** is played by Richard Burton as Hamlet wanted to be—the self-assured ruler of his fortunes, and never the tormented prey of a tragic destiny. It is a portrayal alight with intelligence, but rarely aflame with feeling.

**FUNNY GIRL**, based on the life of Fanny Brice, is an entertaining excuse—if any is needed—to see an exciting new Broadway star who is far more than an entertainer. Barbra Streisand.

**HIGH SPIRITS**. Bea Lillie and Tammy Grimes are probably creatures of their

\* All times E.D.T.

own imaginations, since not even Author Noel Coward could quite conceive such zany stage sprites.

**ANY WEDNESDAY**. Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkept sense of humor that leads to precious little love-making but does produce an unreasonable amount of fun-making.

**DYLAN** is another acting triumph for Alec Guinness, as he bodifies forth the poetic fire, the playful wit, the alcoholic antics and the fierce urge to self-destruction that constituted the life and legend of Dylan Thomas.

**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK** turns a six-flight walkup into a cascade of laughs about young love in Manhattan.

#### Off Broadway

**THE KNACK** is a fantastically droll British bedroom farce played out in an all-but-bare room. If one can imagine three perplexed and, at times, almost pathetic Marx Brothers chasing a plump country girl, with the cry of "Rape!" punctuating the air like "Tallyho!" one gets a glimmer of Playwright Ann Jellicoe's comic instincts.

**OUTCHMAN**. A sex-teaser white girl lures and then tongue-lashes a sedate Negro in a subway car until he turns on her with a venomous tirade of racial hate. Playwright LeRoi Jones aims to terrify, and between stations he succeeds.

**THE TROJAN WOMEN**. This tragic masterpiece by Euripides is 2,400 years old, but in its current superb production, it is the most profoundly alive drama to be found in New York.

### RECORDS

#### Pop Lps

The longest-lived popular recordings today are of Broadway musicals. *My Fair Lady*, *The Sound of Music* and *Camelot* have sold over a million copies each and are still buyers' favorites. Two original-cast albums of current shows may join these golden few, having displaced the Beatles this month as top sellers.

**HELLO, DOLLY!** (RCA Victor). Almost everyone who can carry a tune has recorded Jerry Herman's title song, but it sounds mellowest and best here where it came from. Filene Brennan makes *Ribbons Down My Back* send shivers. However, it is the meddling matchmaker, Carol Channing, all brass and honey, who firmly takes over the proceedings when she announces, *I Put My Hand In*, and stays zany in charge till she gurgles *So Long, Dearie*.

**FUNNY GIRL** (Capitol) is actually a fourth album triumph for Barbra Streisand. She sings nearly all the Julie Styne-Bob Merrill songs, from the romantic *Con Man* and up-tempo *Don't Run on My Parade* to the ballads that are a fever chart of her love affair, from its first tender moments (*People*) to the dawn of doubt (*Who Are You Now?*). Danny Meehan is a lively musical addition as a vaudeville hoofer, but Sydney Chaplin sounds as if he needs to be wound up.

Other tops in the singing-pop field:

**BEWITCHED** (Kapp). There is no escaping Jack Jones these days on TV and bestselling record charts. Son of Musical Comedy Star Allan Jones, Jack is longer on looks than on personality, but his singing has a splash of Sinatra in it and an appeal to two generations, if not three. Here



## *Where did life begin?*

The expanse of space invites conquest because it may provide new knowledge in answer to profound questions—such as that of the origin of life and of the earth. If extra-terrestrial life is discovered, conjectures about our own life must assume new dimensions.

If the moon, billions of years old, can provide a record uneroded by water or air, it may hold the clue to the origin of the earth. The first flights may show that the moon was formed by a rare collision—or that the moon and perhaps the earth were formed by condensation. If the

latter is true, it increases the possibilities that life itself exists in other planetary systems throughout the universe. Thus, the work of Avco and other companies gains particular significance.

Avco is pioneering in the sterilization of space vehicles—so that no earthly organisms will contaminate biological data we may collect. Avco is developing life-detection instruments—and the housing to protect them through re-entry. Similar housing will help return the Apollo astronauts safely to earth from the moon. Teams of Avco scientists and engineers

are now exploring the design of complete crafts to fly to Mars and Venus—and producing such important components as rocket chambers, nozzles, and controls.

These achievements are dynamic. But man's search for knowledge to answer the ultimate questions demands ever-new and imaginative means of securing facts.

If you are interested in joining Avco—an Equal Opportunity Employer—please write: *Avco—leadership in broad-casting; aircraft engines; farm equipment; space and defense research, development and production.*

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If you've been treated like a mannequin at hotels and motels where you've stayed, try one of Albert Pick's. With us you're as alive as Mary E. Dunn of New York City, the one with the twinkle in her eye. She's a real guest, you know.

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is something old. Dad's song, *Rosalie*, and something new, *It Only Takes a Moment*. **LADY IN THE DARK** (RCA Victor). A reissue of Kurt Weill's songs from the classic musical psychodrama of 1941. The orchestral arrangements sound dated, and even in her prime (eleven years before her death) Gertrude Lawrence had the usual uncertain wobble in her voice, but her *Saga of Jenny* is nevertheless galvanic, and *My Ship* still haunting.

**CATERINA VALENTE** (London) sings one of the spate of new recordings glorifying the World's Fair City, *I Happen to Like New York*. Caterina, who was born in Paris and can sing in eleven languages, has just the right cosmopolitan shimmer in her voice to make the compliment mean something, and she refreshes songs like *Take the "A" Train* and *Lullaby of Broadway*.

**ONCE AGAIN** (RCA Victor) Ethel Ennis combines qualities found together less often than one would expect: natural musicality and an appealing voice. She seems to have narrow interests (*Like Love, Wild Is Love, Love for Sale*), but she has a way of setting a soft ballad floating far miles and then conducting a sultry, teeming rite-a-tot.

**RITA PAVONE** (RCA Victor) The U.S. waltzingly sent rock 'n' roll rockin' round the globe, and now it's coming back from every quarter. Following the British contributions comes Italy's teen star, Rita Pavone, who looks like Jackie Coogan and who sings about various minor emotional mix-ups with a strong voice, weak English, and a peculiar Latin turn more suitable for political denunciations. She makes her opposite number in the U.S., 18-year-old Lesley Gore (*Boys, Boys, Boys*; Mercury) sound like a singing nun.

## CINEMA

**THAT MAN FROM RIO** Jean-Paul Belmondo ducks poisoned darts, outwits mad scientists, and narrowly escapes a Brazilian crocodile in Director Philippe de Broca's wonderfully wacky parody of all the adventure movies ever made.

**YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW** Sophia Loren separates the men from the boys in three racy Italian fables directed with gusto by Vittorio De Sica. All three men are Marcello Mastroianni.

**THE ORGANIZER** Marcello Mastroianni is superb as a scraggly 19th century revolutionary in this timeless, beautifully photographed, warmly human drama about workers who finally get up the nerve to strike against sweat-shop living in a Turin textile mill.

**THE NIGHT WATCH** Five prisoners trying to dig their way out of a cell unearth some bitter truths about the nature of freedom in this agonizing thriller from France.

**FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE** This dry spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction follows Secret Agent 007 (Sean Connery) to Istanbul, where wine, women and wrongs are swiftly and impeccably Bonded.

**THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT** A pair of teen-age furies, Tippy Walker and Merrie Spauld, pursue Pianist Peter Sellers around Manhattan with hilariously results.

**THE SERVANT** Director Joseph Losey's smooth, spooky story on class distinction in Britain costs Dirk Bogarde as the malicious valet who slyly cons his master out of his proper place.

**NOTHING BUT THE BEST** In this cheeky, stylish, often mordantly funny variation on *Room at the Top*, an aristocratic waste-

THE CENTAUR...YOUR SYMBOL OF QUALITY



Only V.S.O.P.  
Fine Champagne Cognac  
can bear this label

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TIME, JUNE 19, 1964



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**Russ goes to the World's Fair and wonderful things happen.**

Russ combines their talent with famous Fortrel® and wonderful things happen! Like this outfit—selected as the official costume for all the hostesses at the New York State Pavilion, home of the Wing of Fashion. Jacket and skirt made of famous Celanese Fortrel®—the polyester fiber that keeps its promise—and Avril® rayon. Mallard blue or bottle green. Blouse in Celanese Arnel® triacetate crepe in white, light blue or light green. Everything sizes 8 to 18. Jacket, about \$8; skirt, about \$7; blouse, about \$6. At fine stores everywhere or write Russ Togs, 1372 Broadway, New York 18, New York.



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NY7



# BERMUDA

More fun than you hoped for



Take leave of the humdrum. Come to Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. You've never loafed on such soft sandy beaches. For golf, there are five championship courses, two interesting nines. All-weather courts for tennis. Sail among the Islands. Fish inshore or deepsea. See the old town of St. George. Shopping is something special too. Dine and dance to Calypso music or a continental band. Bermuda is only ninety minutes from New York by air. Daily flights by four major airlines. A weekend cruise by ocean liner. See your travel agent or write for booklets to "BERMUDA", 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. • 6 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill. • 111 Richmond St., W. Toronto.

NY8

rel (Denholm Elliott) teaches a lowly British clerk (Alan Bates) how to attain Establishment status.

**THE SILENCE.** Lightning bolts of Ingmar Bergman's genius illuminate a dark, chilling allegory in which two women and a child travel to a city abounding in lust, loneliness and death.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**RAINER MARIA RILKE, THE YEARS IN SWITZERLAND**, by J.R. von Salis. From an eventless life spent alone, Rilke drew lyric and contemplative poems that have made him a source of modern thought as well as modern poetry. Von Salis retraces what he can find of Rilke's life and describes the few people (all women) who influenced it.

**JULIAN**, by Gore Vidal. In A.D. 361, Roman Emperor Julian the Apostate took an 18-month back step to the Hellenic gods, using all his power to destroy Christianity. In this ingenious historical novel, Gore Vidal brings his wit and urbanity to his subject, and if he does not quite capture the spirit of this elegant hero, his novel is still entertaining and convincing.

**NEW NEGRO POETS U.S.A.**, edited by Langston Hughes. These 37 young Negro poets seem to have read their Wallace Stevens and Robert Lowell, along with everyone else. The result is highly personal verse, much of it good, more of it promising.

**A MOVEABLE FEAST**, by Ernest Hemingway. The Nobel-prizewinning author wrote this memoir of his lean years in the Paris of the '20s when he was in his 50s, rich, famous but *passé*. *Fest* reveals Hemingway's deadly, deadpan sense of humor, his lingering romanticism, but most of all the degree to which he fooled himself about the rich and glamorous, who, he thought, virtually kidnaped him into their world.

**THE INCONGRUOUS SPY**, by John Le Carré. Two earlier thrillers by the author of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* are reissued in one volume. The better one is also set in the Cold and has some of the same characters.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (2)
3. *The Spire*, Golding (5)
4. *The Night in Lisbon*, Remarque (4)
5. *The Group*, McCarthy (3)
6. *Condy*, Southern and Hollenberg (7)
7. *Von Ryan's Express*, Westheimer (6)
8. *The Wopshot Scandal*, Cheever (8)
9. *The Deputy*, Hochhuth
10. *The Mortyred*, Kim (9)

#### NONFICTION

1. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (2)
2. *Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage* (1)
3. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (3)
4. *A Day in the Life of President Kennedy*, Bishop (4)
5. *The Naked Society*, Packard (5)
6. *The Green Felt Jungle*, Reid and Demaris (6)
7. *In His Own Write*, Lennon (9)
8. *Profiles in Courage*, Kennedy (7)
9. *When the Cheering Stopped*, Smith (10)
10. *My Years with General Motors*, Sloan (8)

TIME, JUNE 19, 1964



# "No"

## One little word from your stock broker may sometimes save you a lot of money

It's a broker's job to know more about investing than you do. He should not be a "yes man" who accepts every order without question. He should give you a good honest "no" when his research material and judgment tell him a purchase may not be in your best interest.

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The information our analysts uncover is subject to appraisal by the head of the Research Department, and by members of the Investment Policy Committee (a picked group of senior partners, floor partners and members of the Investment Banking Department). Only the relatively small number of stocks that look promising survive this test and receive the Research Department's recommendation of investment.

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## PAVILIONS

**PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER** For a wordless but eloquent little film called *Parable*, Writer-Director Rolf Forsberg chose a setting much like the fair itself. A sad-eyed clown in whiteface trails behind a circus troupe, collects a host of friends and a slew of enemies. Finally, when he frees some human puppets from their cruel manipulator and takes their place, he is slain. Forsberg's film is thoughtful and beautifully handled.

**SPAIN** Old World elegance in breezy modern décor. Murals by avant-garde artists grace the interior, a bronze monk by Sculptor Pablo Serrano stands in the garden. The art gallery displays old masters, modern masters and, perhaps, future masters. Three Picassos, a Miró and two Dalís counterpoint Goya's *maps* and works by El Greco, Ribera and Velázquez.

**JAPAN** A striking alignment of the old with the new in Japanese culture: Masayuki Nagare's magnificent hand-carved stone wall encloses motorcycles, microscopes and a model of the world's fastest train; the delicate arts of the tea ceremony and flower arranging take place alongside an impressive array of technological savvy.

**UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC** Gold amulets and toe stiffs found on mummies fill the small museum, but the most beautiful Egyptian treasure is a tiny (15.6 in.) gold coffin inlaid with lapis lazuli and carnelian that once contained the entrails of King Tutankhamen. A snack bar serves *gawalla* juice, lamb kabob and Egyptian coffee.

**SUDAN** Some shochill storks imported from the Sudan make like clowns; but the main attraction-getter here is a fragile *Madonna and Child* painted on the mud walls of a church around the 8th century and discovered last year by U.N. archaeologists scurrying to preserve antiquities from the Assuan Dam backwaters.

**VATICAN** Some 70,000 people daily have been filing past the *Pieta*. That its monumental tenderness manages to penetrate the frigid atmosphere is a tribute to Michelangelo's genius. In the chapel upstairs is *The Good Shepherd*, a magnificent early Roman sculpture lent by St. Peter's.

**GENERAL MOTORS** G.M. takes the long-range view: fantastic models of future machines tell, slice and eat trees, and extrude four-lane highways; cities spring from the bush; hotels float underwater; moon hotels house whoever gets there.

**FORD** Instead of a Ford in your future, you can put one in your past—on the Magic Skyway, a superb bit of showmanship. In a Ford, you will scout around Disney dinosaurs, watch a two-story Tyrannosaurus rex getting the best of a tough old Stegosaurus, and pop in on a happy household of hairy Homo sapiens.

**ILLINOIS** Honest Abe sits somber and silent in a high-back chair, rises, bows, and delivers a 10-min. oration. Disney's Lincoln is a little stolid, but then he is stuffed with things like steel, air tubes and hydraulic valves.

**UNITED STATES** Charles Luckman designed a massive blue-green beauty that sits like a big square donut on four pylons. The movies inside are a little less impressive. *Voyage to America* depicts waves of immigrants hitting the shores

a Cineramic ride glides past a 130-screen montage of U.S. history, and a narrator tells of some problematic feuds ("You didn't like the mountains, so you reared them up in skyscrapers").

**COCA-COLA** In this delightful walk-through exhibit, Coke turns up in the darkest places: hidden in a Hong Kong fish market, along the Taj Mahal's jasmine-scented promenade, tucked in a Bavarian snowbank, cooling in a Cambodian rain forest or gracing the captain's table on a cruise ship to Rio.

**IBM** A huge hydraulic mechanism grinds away and whisks you 53 ft. up into IBM's huge egg nesting in steel trees. There you can peek 90 ft. down to the ground or settle back and be assaulted by a plethora of images flipping onto nine screens faster than you can blink, showing how IBM, and all of us, solve our problems.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC** Seated in six auditoriums, 1,428 people revolve around a talking-dummy, four-act show that divulges what electricity has wrought in the home. Then, up an escalator to the stars, down a corkscrew ramp to see nuclear fusion. Snappy from start to finish.

**JOHNSON'S WAX** In the copper-colored bowl suspended over a limpid pool, 500 people at a clip see the 17½-min. movie, *To Be Alive!* Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid traversed three continents to produce it, and the triple-screen montage is fast, fresh and fun.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**THE AFRICAN PAVILION** is the swiftest—and the noisiest—place at the fair. For \$1 you can walk past monkeys, poetry, and native *objets d'art* into a gravel clearing surrounded by African busts flying the flag of 24 small nations, there watch red-robed Royal Burundi drummers, Olanjiji and his passion drums, and gaily garbed Watutsi warrior dancers.

**MEXICO** With a little luck, almost any time of the day you will be able to catch five Mexicans shinning up a skinny 114-ft. pole. One dances while his four companions, tied to ropes wrapped around the pole, drop head first and descend in dizzying, accelerating circles as the ropes unwind, righting themselves just in time to land feet first on the pavement.

**OREGON** For city slickers who think they've seen everything a logger jubilee on the banks of the Flushing River, Husky lumberjacks like "Big Red John" Miller saw and chop through giant timber in jig time, logrollers joust each other into the amber waters, and a death-defying tree-top climber climbs a Douglas fir to do the Charleston 110 ft. up—without a net.

**LES POUPÉES DE PARIS** The adult puppet show features doll versions of Pearl Bailey and Frank Sinatra—but Frankenstein is the most convincing. It doesn't pay to sit too close because he comes clomp, clomp right down off the stage.

## CHILDREN &amp; TEENAGERS

**SINCLAIR** For the kids, Disney and dinosaurs practically carry the fair. It's the reptiles that have invaded Sinclair's ginkgo tree grove. The saurus family—Ankylo, Stego, Tyranno and big brother Bronto—stand around as if they couldn't believe

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## The fiberglass Hatteras is the off Cape Hatteras—

**T**he blue-green water flies bridge-high as the hull smashes through the pounding sea.

This is the Graveyard of the Atlantic. It is considered by veteran sailors to be the roughest sea in the North American Continent.

Many boats, large boats, would not survive.

The Hatteras does. It withstands this onslaught mile after mile, day after day.

Then, it is approved.

The ability of the Hatteras to pass this test is mainly due to three things:

### **1. Gibbs and Cox specifications.**

It is built to standards set by this

renowned firm, architects and engineers of the liner United States.

### **2. The design-engineering team of Jack Hargrave and Don Mucklow.**

Hargrave is usually occupied designing custom boats costing \$250,000 and up. He is not one to compromise.

Mucklow is considered by many to be the outstanding expert on fiberglass boat construction. You may recall Don built a fiberglass boat that won the Miami-Nassau race in 1957.

### **3. Fiberglass construction.**

This is the strongest material available for boat construction.

The Navy has used it since 1946, and now has 1200 such boats in service.

(Over 90% of the boats bought in the last two years by the Navy and Coast Guard are fiberglass.)

The result is a unique craft that many compare favorably to custom-built boats.

### **Extra degree of safety**

The one-piece seamless fiberglass hull and one-piece fiberglass superstructure have a resilient quality that takes shocks and jolts better than other materials.

This gives the Hatteras an extra degree of safety.

There's no swelling, cracking or shrinking. No painting is required for protection. And leaks, dry rot, loose



## only boat tested and proved Graveyard of the Atlantic

fastenings, rust and corrosion are eliminated.

As a result, it's an easy—and economical—craft to maintain.

Jim Gardella, Cove Marina, Norwalk, Conn., who has experience with both wood and fiberglass boats, says about 80% is saved on hull upkeep with the Hatteras.

### Unusually spacious

Through molded, reinforced fiberglass construction, beams, ribs and frames are eliminated. *All* of the inside is usable.

This makes the Hatteras a spacious boat. The Double Cabin, for example, has more usable space than many

larger boats. It has two private suites, each with bath. (And for additional privacy, the suites are at *opposite* ends of the boats.)

Interiors are Philippine Mahogany. The finishing and joining are similar to that found in fine furniture. (The Hatteras is made in High Point, N.C., a furniture center.)

### Exceptionally comfortable

Owners say that this is an exceptionally comfortable boat; fiberglass permits a hull shape which virtually eliminates pounding, yawing and broaching. Even at high speeds in heavy seas, the molded flare of the hull throws water off in a low flat arc.

After testing the Hatteras, Hank Bowman, contributing editor of *Popular Boating*, wrote:

*"I find myself hard put to find even minor flaws. We have given this boat the highest rating of any craft reviewed in our entire series."*

There are six Hatteras models: 34 ft. double cabin; 34 ft. sports cruiser; 34 ft. deluxe sports fisherman; 34 ft. sedan; 41 ft. convertible; 41 ft. double cabin.

Write for the name of your nearest dealer. You'll find him proud of the Hatteras—the only boat tested and proved in the Graveyard of the Atlantic. Hatteras Yacht Co., Dept. T664, High Point, N.C.

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that mammals had inherited the earth. While the others gnash their teeth, Bronto—all five tons of him—just stands there and blinks.

**MOBIL'S** ingenious game puts 36 people at once in the driver's seat, sends them on a mock cross-country race to see who is the best driver. With a steering wheel, an accelerator and a brake to operate, the participant looks through his "windshield"—a 21-in. TV screen—onto a highway, soon finds himself swooping around curves, skidding past a train, then crash! smuck into the truck ahead. The scores? Twenty-three is tops, but one fellow, who can't even drive a hard bargain, rated 19.8 just by sitting there too mixed-up to move.

**PEPSI-COLA.** A gallimaufry of Walt Disney's latest prodigious puppets, which also perk up the pavilions of Ford, General Electric and Illinois. Here a waterjet whips through a dreamland dollhouse filled with belly dancers, French cancan girls, Cossacks and slinky Egyptian beauties, singing, twisting and kicking like crazy.

**LOG FLUME RIDE.** "There are thrills by the hundred on this you can bet, but we can't be responsible when you come back wet," warns a sign at the turnstile. After some tame swerves and curves through serpentine, sky-blue waters and up a steep lift—one big splash and some spray in the face.

## RESTAURANTS

**TOLEDO** The Spanish pavilion's posh pad is not for hot polloi, but it has the best food and service at the fair. An armada of waiters hovers around to keep the diner happy. Though the Toledo specializes in fine French cuisine, it will cheerfully give you the works in Spanish too. Start with an *andaluza*, follow with *gazpacho* soup (*muy bueno*) and fill up on *paella*. Don't forget the *sangria*, a red wine with soda.

**FESTIVAL OF GAS.** Its blue and green color scheme adds to the cool beauty of the glass-walled room, from whence the diner can look out over a flower-sprinkled moat. For an appetizer, the soft clam pan roast is hard to beat; it is best followed by tasty nuggets of tenderloin flared in bourbon or stuffed broiled lobster and wilted dandelion greens with bacon. Fine fare at fair prices, which means quite high indeed.

**INDONESIA'S.** The royal-looking pavilion shaped like a crown houses another favorite fair feeding spot for potentates and VIPs. The dinner menu is a table d'hôte Indonesian feast (*Kombaru Masak Bugis, Ayam Punggung*) served by candlelight, the entertainment Balinese and Sumatran dances performed to the twangs and gongs of the gamelan orchestra.

**FOCALARE.** Midst elegant accouterments, including thick wine-colored carpets, long, flowing velvet draperies and pillowed armchairs, rather ordinary Mexican fare (*chicken, tacos and enchiladas*) gains a magical allure. The *mariachi* music from the Cafe Alameda below and a tequila-spiked *narcarita* add to the enchantment.

**LE CHALET.** From a little fresh-air balcony in the Swiss pavilion you can watch the aerial gondolas coast overhead, sip cool rose wine, sample Swiss cheeses, and cook bite-size cubes of filet mignon (*Fondue Bourguignonne*) right on the table. Dipped in five sauces, they are delicious.

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The Petroleum Industry's move toward deeper holes and multiple completions challenged tubing producers to come up with a stronger, more leak-resistant product.

So Pittsburgh Steel developed, tested and introduced 8-Acme. Since then our field engineers have watched more than 6-million feet of it being run into practically every kind of well under a variety of conditions from Offshore Louisiana to Canada.

And it has proved its value—in simple, single-string completions, in difficult multiple completions (with as much as 20 percent time savings) and in many cases as a substitute for drill pipe as a work string on well completions.

In actual use, 8-Acme has taken every type of job in stride, without leaking. Pittsburgh Steel doesn't claim to have a leakproof joint—but with all the footage we have watched go into wells, there has yet to be reported a genuine "leaker."

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### PITTSBURGH'S PROGRAM FOR PROFITS KEEPS ROLLING WITH THESE PROJECTS

- An \$18-million Basic Oxygen Steel Plant—recently placed "on-stream" at Monessen (Pa.) Works will reduce steelmaking costs, help improve profit performance.
- Two additional rolling stands and automatic thickness controls—to be installed immediately on Pittsburgh's Hot Sheet Mill to produce bigger, heavier, precision-rolled steel coils.
- New annealing furnaces at Thomas Strip Division for superior quality strip steel specialties.
- A \$3.5-million iron ore sintering plant—now being engineered for start-up next year.
- Pelletized ore—500,000 tons a year, beginning in 1965, from Pittsburgh's share of Canada's vast Wabush project.



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"First tennis lesson" (Photo by Inge Morath / Magnum)



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Note to wives who like moonlight strolls: there are three acres of deck space on R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth.

## Challenge for wives of top executives:

# Next time your husband goes to Europe, get him to take a giant Cunard Queen—and you

At sea on the Queens, your husband gets the rest and relaxation he needs—plus the tender care of a British staff 1200 strong. He has five days to soak up sun, breathe fresh salt air, plan his work in peace, and be with you. For more compelling facts, read on.



KEEP this in mind when you start showing your husband the advantages of a sea trip: a voyage on the Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary doesn't take time, it gives it. Crossing on the Queens can be a sound investment.

Here is what one industrialist has to say about the rewards of a sea trip:

*"What a trip like this gives the businessman is time. Nowhere is he so cut off from pressures, so completely unavailable as at sea. A long, long weekend on shipboard from Wednesday to Monday is nothing compared to the feeling of time to spare which it gives."*

If your husband must work, take heart. He has all the leisure he needs, plus a staff of nine English secretaries to assist

him. For inspired thinking, there is the peace and quiet of a vast library and the spacious calm of your stateroom.

But the Queens are far more than executive suites afloat.

These ocean liners are bigger than ordinary ships. In First Class, you get three acres of deck space for strolling or relaxing. There are 35 handsome public rooms, ranging from spacious lounges to intimate cocktail bars.

You can tone up: there is a Turkish bath, swimming pools fit for a country club, and two fully equipped gymnasiums with resident professionals to help you set the right program.

### **For wives— heaven afloat**

For wives, a trip First Class can be the thrill of a lifetime. You can have your

own stewardess, a hairdresser, salt air for your complexion, and a nursery to care for your children. This leaves you free to explore the ship and make friends.

Wives especially love the way the Queens turn harried businessmen back into relaxed husbands. You start doing things together again: having leisurely cocktails, lingering over meals, rediscovering moonlight or lancing 'til all hours.

A happy fact: the sea brings out the social lion in a man. Many husbands who haven't been on a dance floor in years find themselves asking the orchestra for old favorites on the Queens.

### **A final persuader**

More ammunition for wives of reluctant husbands: When you consider that your First Class passage includes a beautiful stateroom with private bath and shower, five days of superb food, British service, and 3000 miles of pleasure and relaxation, the price is a bargain.

If all these facts don't convince your husband, put your foot down.

For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent or local Cunard office. Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York 4, New York.

# LETTERS

## After California

Sir: Senator Goldwater's surprise victory in California [June 12] shows that there are still some patriotic Americans left in the U.S.

LEE BRUMMER

Wilmette, Ill.

Sir: You are wrong in saying that Goldwater's volunteers are motivated by nothing more than "an enormous and uncomplicated faith in Goldwater." Yes, they like Barry. But, what is far more important, they like freedom—and they want their freedom without ifs, ands or buts. Freedom activists believe that a rollback of Government power and controls is not only possible but necessary. Today's "dime-thin" margin is tomorrow's landslide.

WARREN H. CARROLL

Dallas

Sir: There is now strong hope that we may inaugurate in January the first true American to hold the post of President in recent history. Goldwater embodies more of the common sense and principles that built America than any other potential candidate, and these virtues are sorely needed to restore some semblance of freedom and order out of the mess created by the raving socialists and the Texas Clown.

GAROLD SKIDLANT

Norton, Kans.

Sir: With all due respect to and admiration for his otherwise sterling qualities, it is my opinion that Dwight D. Eisenhower is more of a liability than an asset to the Republican Party, especially in letting the unrealistic Eastern Republican Party deadweight influence him against Goldwater—the only man who could hopefully halt the march down the demoralizing road of Socialism.

A. E. MOLINA

Miami

Sir: Since Goldwater defeated all the so-called "mainstream" Republicans in California, they should wake up and realize that they are not in the mainstream but are on the left bank of that stream. We mainstream Republicans can see the futility of the U.N. and the vitality of our free enterprise system being sapped through Washington. We are tired of being made the "goat" all over the world.

A. BLUNT BRIMLEY

Fort Huachuca, Ariz.

Sir: I have been a straight-line Republican all my voting life: 25 years. In the

event the Republicans are foolish enough to nominate Goldwater at San Francisco, this is a clarion call for the formation of a "Republicans for Johnson" organization. Our objective and motto for Goldwater could well be: "Back to the store in '64!"

BERNARD E. BAUGHN

Dayton

Sir: Here is one Republican whose vote will go to Johnson if Goldwater is nominated.

MRS. HAROLD FRIEDSTEIN

Huntsville, Ala.

Sir: This stupefying political phenomenon, Goldwater, poses a second threat to our national sanity: the first from those Communists who would bury us; the second from those Republicans who would Barry us!

CHARLEY WRIGHT

Waco, Texas

Sir: We are frightened, disgusted and disillusioned with our Republican Party. Our leaders, with the exception of Rockefeller, seem to have become spineless onlookers. Our so-called pros are selling us out; they are giving our country a one-party system.

RUTH P. BROWN

ROSENA BROWN

Youngstown, Ohio

Sir: If the convention is foolish enough to nominate Senator Goldwater, I suppose the best that those of us who used to be Republicans can do (besides placing "All the way with L.B.J." stickers on our bumpers) is to sign a deep nostalgic sign for what used to be a Grand Old Party.

(MRS.) JOAN KRONINGER

Westchester, Pa.

Sir: I'm among those who were earlier opposed to Governor Rockefeller as a nominee for the presidency because of the change he made in his personal life. But after his bout in California, what I wouldn't give for the opportunity to vote for him! I'm not alone in regretting that we were grudging toward Rocky for too long a time!

MARGRIET GIERKSON

Chicago

Sir: As a Canadian and a resident of the free world, I implore the American voter to reject Goldwater as a candidate for the American presidency. If a man of his ideals were to win the nomination, American prestige abroad could only be diminished. The free world looks to the

U.S. for active and sane direction. Reactionary and reckless men have no place in the presidency, nor do they have a place in its candidacy.

GORDON E. THOMPSON

Montreal

Sir: I felt that this letter just had to be written to show the general attitude of the students at the University of Sydney, and the attitude of many thousands of people in this country, about Goldwater. To us, Goldwater looms as a definite threat to world peace; heaven help us if he is ever elected to the presidency. He is a bigoted man, standing on a platform that would have gone well a century ago.

RICHARD TADD

Rose Bay, New South Wales, Australia

Sir: The reaction of the European press has swung me over to the Goldwater side. It is about time that Americans start worrying about America. We should not adopt selfish isolationism but should stop trying to please everyone. If Europe is against Goldwater, he must have something.

GEORGE SILVERWOOD

Evergreen Park, Ill.

## Hazleton's Self-Help

Sir: Hooray for Hazleton, Pa., the city that refused to die! [June 5]. Its people have picked themselves up by their bootstraps and proved that federal aid is unnecessary. It is the true American way.

MRS. GLENN F. GUERIN

Fullerton, Calif.

Sir: The Area Redevelopment Administration has invested more than \$2,500,000 in helping to solve the unemployment problem in Hazleton. Over \$150,000 of this amount was a grant, the balance loans. Said Dr. Dessen, "ARA has Hazleton like a breath of spring." All praise to the hardworking, intelligent community leaders who have helped Hazleton back to economic stability. But let's not forget that their work could not have been accomplished without considerable aid from the state of Pennsylvania and the Federal Government. Which is as it should be.

WILLIAM L. BATT JR.

Administrator

Area Redevelopment Administration  
U.S. Department of Commerce  
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Although I am one of the young people who made the "exodus," I feel that the citizens of Hazleton should be congratulated for their efforts. Your article is a fine tribute to the people of my home town. I am proud of them.

BARBARA A. WHITAKER

Abington, Pa.

## Unhappy Alternatives

Sir: Your balance comparison of the alternatives that are open to us in Southeast Asia [June 5] confirms what I have believed for a long time: the only alternative to our own defeat is to accept neutralization, even if the area becomes Communist.

I. WILLIAMS

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: When General Khanh's South Vietnamese troops and their G.I. advisers "clear" a village, that village is swiftly transformed into a "strategic hamlet"—ringed by barbed wire, sandbags, searchlights and gun nests. Its peasants are then encouraged to till their fields in support of Khanh's regime. When the Communist Viet Cong occupy a village, they give out

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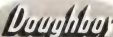
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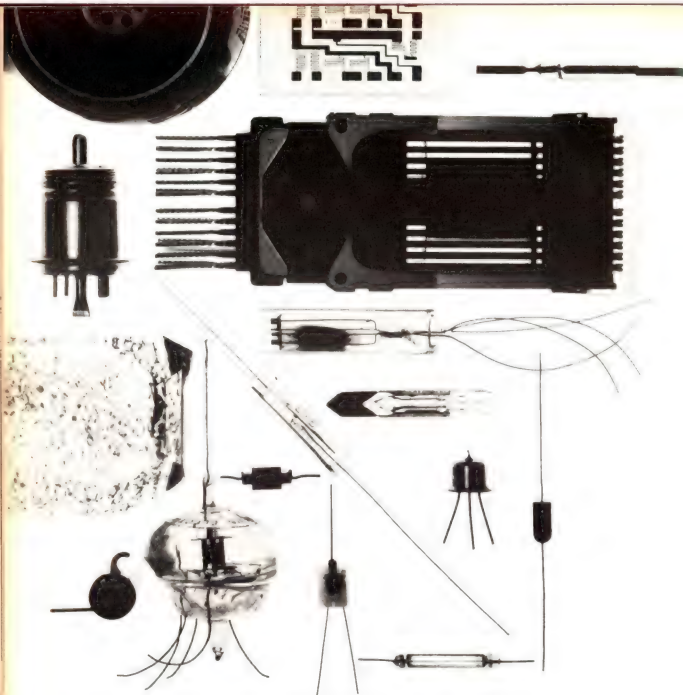
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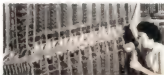




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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

June 19, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 25

## THE NATION

### REPUBLICANS

#### "I Am a Candidate"

"Lincoln," the new candidate cried, "would cry out in pain if we sold out on our principles, but he would laugh out with scorn if we threw away an election."

With that declaration of belief and practical politics—meant to appeal to moderates both within and without the Republican Party—Pennsylvania's Governor William Warren Scranton, 46, threw himself headlong into the G.O.P. contest for this year's presidential nomination. In so doing, he injected a rush of excitement into what was becoming a dreary procession toward the certain selection of Conservative Barry Goldwater.

**A Foot in Each Century.** In announcing his candidacy at the Maryland state Republican convention in Baltimore, Scranton drew a dramatic line between his political philosophy and that of Goldwater. "Can we pretend even to ourselves," he asked, "that it is possible for us to stand with one foot in the 20th century and the other in the 19th? Can we afford to pretend that all is well, when all is not? Can we in good conscience turn our backs on the century-old progressive history of our party? You and I know we cannot."

Scranton readily admitted that it was awfully late to stop Goldwater, and he accepted part of the blame: "I share responsibility with others of our leaders who until now have failed to act. Surely all of us now must confront what is a reality. The Republican Party is in danger—and some say our country may be too."

That admission of tardiness was well taken. For Bill Scranton's belated but all-out entry into the G.O.P. running came only after months of "let Rocky do it" stands by Republican leaders who wished to stop Goldwater but did not want to get hurt in the process. Scranton's entry also came after, and in the light of, one of the more ludicrous episodes in the history of the Republican Party, an exercise in ineptness, vacillation and rear-view heroism that nearly reduced the G.O.P. to a laughingstock before the entire nation.

**A Lot of Asking.** The scene was the 56th annual National Governors' Conference in Cleveland. That conference, only partly by coincidence, fell

on the weekend following the June 2 California presidential primary. Before the California results were in, most moderate Republican leaders felt that Nelson Rockefeller, with all the momentum of his May 15 Oregon victory, would knock off Barry in the primary. But they also felt certain that Rocky himself could not get the nomination. Therefore, the Governors' Conference could serve as a first-rate place for Republican leaders to meet and agree

**Falling Apart.** Ike and Scranton did get together, and the general urged the Governor to make himself "more available" for the presidential nomination. Scranton of course agreed, made plans to fly to Cleveland and announce his active candidacy on a Sunday *Fare the Nation* television appearance. He would, he felt sure, have Ike's public endorsement.

But right about then, everything started falling apart. Arriving in Cleve-



SCRANTON ANNOUNCING IN BALTIMORE (WIFE MARY AT LEFT)

"The Republican Party is in danger."

on a moderate-minded alternative for the presidential nomination.

But things did not quite turn out like that. Goldwater of course beat Rocky in California, if only by a skin-of-the-tooth margin of 59,000 votes out of more than 2,000,000 cast. To Scranton, that made it seem even more urgent for the Republicans in Cleveland to rally behind a moderate who might beat Goldwater.

Scranton had a pretty good idea of who that moderate ought to be—and on June 4, two days after California, he set a few things in motion. He called Pennsylvania's Republican Senator Hugh Scott, who is up for reelection this year and is scared to death about the prospect of running on a ticket headed by Goldwater. Scranton asked Scott to ask Milton Eisenhower to ask Dwight Eisenhower to ask Scranton down to Gettysburg for a visit. That's a lot of asking, but for a while, all seemed to go well.

land, Scranton was told that Ike had been trying to reach him by long-distance telephone. He called Gettysburg, sat in stunned silence while Ike told him he did not want to become involved in an anti-Goldwater "cabal" and furthermore did not think Scranton should either. Said Eisenhower to Scranton: "I was wondering if I was getting old or kind of senile in thinking I hadn't agreed to support you or any other individual."

**The Decisive Plea.** What had happened to make Eisenhower change his mind? Well, for one thing, Ike and Mamie, planning to go to Cleveland for an Eisenhower speech to the Governors, were to stay at the suburban estate of George Humphrey, Eisenhower's first Treasury Secretary who is now one of Goldwater's most influential backers. Humphrey, understandably upset by press accounts of the Eisenhower-Scranton meeting, called Ike and said: "I do hope you'll not be a party to

making the divisions in our party any deeper."

Humphrey's plea was decisive with Ike, hence the call to Scranton in Cleveland. After that call, a shaken Bill Scranton attended a breakfast meeting of all 16 Republican Governors. Most of them, apprehensive about the chances of their state candidates on a ticket headed by Goldwater, were grumbling about the prospect of Barry's nomination. Especially unhappy was Michigan's George Romney, who got into a tiff with Arizona's Governor Paul Fannin, one of the few all-out Goldwater supporters present. At one point, Oregon's Mark Hatfield, a Rockefeller supporter, broke into the bickering, snapped at Romney: "Where have you been for the

he thought of Scranton as a party leader. Rockefeller replied with scalding sarcasm: "Did you see him on television?"

Next day, Barry Goldwater, a guest of the host committee, arrived at the conference. Anti-Goldwaterites among the Republican Governors had invited him to sit down with them and explain his "principles." Barry scornfully refused, sent each of the Governors an old pamphlet stating his views. To the pros and to the public, Goldwater seemed like the leader who had faced and won his last challenge and could now coast to victory.

Early Tuesday Dick Nixon arrived in Cleveland. He checked into the Sheraton-Cleveland at 12:30 a.m., held a series of closed-door conferences until 3 a.m. The longest was with Michigan's Romney, whom he urged to become a stop-Goldwater candidate. Romney, for a few hours, considered it. Emboldened, Nixon mentioned Ohio's Republican State Chairman Ray Bliss as a man who might well throw decisive support to Romney. Trouble was, Nixon had neglected to talk to Bliss—and when he did, he got a flat refusal to endorse Romney or anyone else but Ohio's favorite son, Governor James Rhodes.

Until his Cleveland performance, Nixon had been high on Barry Goldwater's friendship list. But now he was obviously trying to promote Romney's candidacy in an effort to cause a convention stalemate that would wind up with a compromise nominee. Guess who, said Goldwater, in about as scathing a comment as one Republican can make about another: "Nixon is sounding more like Harold Stassen every day."

**The Last Five Words.** On the way back to Harrisburg, Bill Scranton sat seething in the rear seat of a Pennsylvania National Guard Super Constellation. As much as anyone, Scranton realized that the fiasco in Cleveland had damaged his political standing and that, regardless of how he felt about the party and its 1964 nominee, he had to take some action that would redeem his own political image. Just before the plane landed, he instructed his aides to arrange a meeting for the next night at the governor's mansion at Indiantown Gap, some 20 miles from Harrisburg.

At that meeting were his wife Mary, daughter Susan, 17, son Joe, 14, Senator Hugh Scott, Administrative Assistant Bill Keisling, Speechwriter Malcolm Moos, and nine other state party officials and Scranton staffers. At 5 p.m. Scranton walked into the room, seated himself by the great stone fireplace, listened for some three hours while his family and friends urged him to go all out for the nomination. Finally, Scranton stood up. "Now," he said abruptly, "we have a lot to do. I am going to run." Moos, who used to write speeches for President Eisenhower, reached over, picked a piece of paper from the coffee table, wrote Scranton's last five words, dated the paper and said: "I'm going to keep this for my scrapbook."

Telephone calls immediately went

out to top Republicans across the U.S.—to Romney, Rockefeller, Ray Bliss, Dwight Eisenhower and many others. As Scranton later recalled his conversation with Ike: "I told him I was going to run. He simply said that was that, and it was fine, and I said thank you and I got off the phone." Dick Nixon was reached in London, where he had flown on private business. Scranton tried to telephone Goldwater, failed, and sent him a telegram instead.

**"Those Noble Words."** Hasty arrangements were made for Scranton to appear next day at the Maryland state convention to deliver his announcement. His speech also was hastily written, but it was no less effective for that reason.

"I come here," cried Scranton. "to



IKE WITH GEORGE HUMPHREY  
A phone call, but no cabal.

last six months?" Continued Hatfield, now including Bill Scranton in his gaze: "Rockefeller has been working his head off day and night for the past six months, while both of you have remained gloriously silent. Any stop-Goldwater movement now by you eleven-hour warriors is an exercise in futility."

**The Unopened Paper.** All the while, Scranton stayed silent, telling nobody of his telephone talk with Ike. From the breakfast, he went to Cleveland's KYW-TV studios for his *Face the Nation* date. During his appearance, he kept his announcement of active candidacy, written on a twice-folded sheet of white paper, unopened on the table in front of him. For half an hour—and later in a press conference—he hemmed, hawed and hedged, adding little to the position he had taken for weeks. "If the majority of the delegates at the convention want me," he repeated over and over, "I would serve."

Reaction to Scranton's performance was immediate, and explosive. Reporters promptly dubbed him "the Harrisburg Hamlet." Watching *Face the Nation*, George Romney asked bitterly: "Where are his principles?" Asked what



THE SCRANTONS IN CLEVELAND  
Late, but a nonstop technique.

announce that I am a candidate for the presidency of the United States."

He bore down heavily on the civil rights issue, fully aware that Goldwater's image is badly flawed on that subject. The Republican Party, said Scranton, must be "responsible for human liberty, its preservation on the North American continent and its inspiration around the entire world; responsible for giving every American a fair chance at a share of the good life; responsible for underlining the injunctions of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence: to put solid flesh on those noble words that all men are created equal." In that statement, Scranton reflected the mainstream of national Republican thinking on civil rights as evidenced, also last week, by Senator Everett Dirksen's leadership in achieving cloture against a segregationist Democratic filibuster (see cover story).

Perhaps even more telling was Scranton's argument that Goldwater, as the party's presidential nominee, would help bring to defeat scores of Republican state and local candidates. "Lincoln," he said, "knew, as all of you know and I know, that in a presidential year the

candidate at the top of the ticket can obviously help those below, or he can doom them to undeserved defeat.

"Therefore, any political party which seriously undertakes to lead the Government of this nation—not only in Washington but also in the state capitols, in the courthouses, in the city halls—such a great party will not lightly throw away the top places on its ticket."

"Welcome." After hearing Scranton's announcement of candidacy, Dwight Eisenhower said, rather remarkably: "At last someone has done what I have urged." Romney and Rockefeller both praised Scranton's move, but neither promised to deliver his delegates. In London, Nixon said he thought Scranton was doing the right thing, but he remained neutral. But when he got back to New York, Nixon flashed his stiletto, said of Scranton: "If a man receives a phone call and changes his mind, he isn't a very strong man. He's got to make his own decisions and not appear to be a puppet maneuvered by someone else."

Leaders of Henry Cabot Lodge's campaign immediately threw their support to Scranton. Barry Goldwater said, "I welcome Bill Scranton into the race." Then he reminded everyone that Scranton had written him a letter in December, saying, "I hope you decide to run." Cracked Goldwater: "Governor Scranton's persuasiveness is one of the major reasons I announced my own candidacy for the presidency."

Barry had every cause for confidence. Every tried and tested political factor weighs heavily against Scranton's being able to pick up enough delegates to win in San Francisco. Indeed, his move required a degree of bravado: rarely before has a major U.S. presidential candidate stood up a bare four weeks before a nominating convention and insisted that in that short time he could prove to the U.S. that he should be in the White House.

Yet Bill Scranton will be no neophyte pushover. He has youth, style and a nonstop campaign technique. He is a millionaire, an American aristocrat descended from a proud and public-spirited family. His political credentials are solid. He served in the State Department first as a press aide, later as office manager and liaison man with the White House and Cabinet under the Eisenhower Administration. He was elected to Congress from Pennsylvania's 10th District in 1960—a year in which John F. Kennedy carried the state. In 1962 he was elected Governor over former Philadelphia Mayor Richardson Dilworth by nearly half a million votes. As Governor, he has reformed the state's corruption-filled patronage system, beaten big labor's bosses in a legislative fight over unemployment-compensation reforms, attracted new industry.

Even more relevant, he resurrected the Pennsylvania Republican Party after it had been fractured by factionalism. If there is a split in the national party

—which there could well be if Scranton wins the nomination from Barry—his polished abilities at unifying will be indispensable. So far, Scranton has retained a personally friendly attitude toward Goldwater, even while smashing hard at Goldwater's stand on some issues. In his telegram to Barry, he said, "I think you know that, though I cannot agree with many of the positions you have taken, I respect you as a man." And Scranton's views are such as might appeal to the broadest segment of the Republican spectrum. His own favorite thumbnail self-description: "I am a liberal on civil rights, a conservative on fiscal policies and an internationalist on foreign affairs."

**A Battler's Prize.** Now his big job is to prove to the nation that he is the worthiest man. It will be a rugged, uphill run, for he has little organization, no seasoned national campaign staff, not even the facilities to handle the hordes of reporters who will be chasing after him. Yet he is determined. "I'm going to go every place that will have me," he said, "and tell them why I think we should have progressive Republicanism and why I want to be the candidate."

No matter what the outcome, Scranton's entrance into the race has positive value, for it has made it plain that the G.O.P. presidential nomination is worth fighting for, that it is a battler's prize, not a cheap, pallid present. If Scranton's campaign builds any momentum at all—and does not wound too deeply—he would, at the very least, become Goldwater's strongest possibility for Vice President.

At week's end Scranton was at the Connecticut Republican convention, again attacking Goldwaterism. "Because of havoc that has been spread across the national landscape," he declared, "the Republican Party wonders how it will make clear to the American people that it does not oppose social security, the United Nations, human rights and a sane nuclear policy." In such appearances lay his only possible strategy—that of making himself as visible as possible in as many places as possible, and in so doing displaying the energy, the mind and the articulate tongue that will convince American voters that he would make a good President.

It would be an exercise in futility for Scranton to start counting delegates: he can, for the time being, leave that to Barry, who now claims some 737. But the vast majority of these delegates are obligated neither by law nor conscience to cast their votes for Goldwater in the ultimate showdown. If Scranton, in the time remaining to him, can corral a consensus in his favor throughout the whole wide ranks of the Republican Party, he can almost surely swing a great many delegates away from Goldwater. If he does, and if he wins the nomination, he will have proved himself a strong and attractive enough candidate to give even Lyndon Johnson a real run for the money.

## THE CONGRESS

### The Covenant

(See Cover)

On the sun-baked plaza behind the U.S. Capitol, TV vans hummed like hungry insects. Marching in disorderly array up the steps to the Senate chamber came group upon group of summer tourists, sunglasses on and cameras slung high. Inside, the Senate gallery was packed.

Only an hour remained before the critical vote. Now Majority Leader



CAPITOL CORRIDOR BEFORE CLOTURE VOTE  
Affecting every man, woman and child.

Mike Mansfield of Montana rose, and in soft tones spoke in favor of cloture: if approved by two-thirds of the Senators present and voting, it would bring to an end the longest filibuster in Senate history. "The Senate," Mansfield said, "now stands at the crossroads of history, and the time for decision is at hand." He read aloud a letter he recently received from a Montana mother of four. "When I kiss my children good night," she wrote, "I offer a small prayer of thanks to God for making them so perfect, so healthy, so lovely, and I find myself tempted to thank him for letting them be born white. Then I am not so proud, neither of myself nor of our society, which forces such a temptation upon us."

"The Question Is . . ." Mansfield's time ran out, and he relinquished the floor to Georgia's Richard Brevard Russell, leader of the Democratic bloc that

had been filibustering against the most far-reaching civil rights bill in U.S. history. Russell was about to go down in defeat, and he knew it. But his final-hour plea was urgent. Said he: "If this bill is enacted into law, next year we will be confronted with new demands for enactment of further legislation in this field, such as laws requiring open housing and the bussing of children. The country is becoming enmeshed in a philosophy that can only lead to the destruction of our dual system of sovereign states in an indestructible Union."

Russell gave way to Minnesota Democrat Hubert Humphrey, the Johnson Administration's floor manager for the bill. In his lapel Humphrey wore a red rose like a battle standard. "The Constitution of the United States is on trial," he said. "The question is whether we will have two types of citizenship in this nation, or first-class citizenship for all."

Only 15 minutes remained before voting time. Illinois Republican Everett McKinley Dirksen, 68, the Senate's minority leader, arose slowly from his front-row desk. He was the man most were waiting to hear, not merely because he is the Senate's most practiced and professional orator but largely because he is the shrewd, patient negotiator whose efforts, perhaps more than anyone else's, had made a favorable cloture vote likely. With great deliberation Dirksen took off his tortoise-shell spectacles, revealing his sad, bloodhound eyes underlined by deep, dark pouches. In his massive left hand, its little finger flourishing a green jade ring, he held a

twelve-page speech he had typed the night before on Senate stationery.

"The Time Has Come," "Mr. President," said Dirksen in that voice that turns hoarseness into authority. "It is a year ago this month that the late President Kennedy sent his civil rights bill and message to the Congress." In the gallery an elderly Negro minister craned forward and cupped an ear. Dirksen continued: "Sharp opinions have been made. Extreme views have been asserted. There has been unrestrained criticism about motives." As for himself, Dirksen noted, "I have had but one purpose, and that was the enactment of a good, workable, equitable, practical bill having due regard for the progress made in the civil rights field at the state and local level. I am no Johnny-come-lately in this field. Thirty years ago, in the House of Representatives, I voted for anti-poll-tax and anti-lynching measures. Since then, I have sponsored or cosponsored scores of bills dealing with civil rights."

"The time has come," said Dirksen, "for equality of opportunity in sharing in government, in education, and in employment. It will not be stayed or denied. It is here." The chamber was dead-quiet. "America grows. America changes. And on the civil rights issue we must rise with the occasion. That calls for cloture and for the enactment of a civil rights bill."

Dirksen jabbed an index finger at his colleagues on both sides of the aisle. His voice rose to a slightly higher pitch,

taking on an extra tone of persuasiveness. The Senate, he said, had a "covenant with the people. For many years each political party has given major consideration to a civil rights plank in its platform. Were these pledges so much campaign stuff, or did we mean it? Were these promises on civil rights but idle words for vote-getting purposes, or were they a covenant meant to be kept? If all this was mere pretense, let us confess the sin of hypocrisy now and vow not to delude the people again."

The Vote. It was precisely 11 a.m., the time set to vote. While Dirksen was still talking, the presiding officer, Montana Democrat Lee Metcalf, brought down his gavel. "Is it the sense of the Senate that the debate shall be brought to a close?" Metcalf asked and ordered the yeas and nays.

"Mr. Aiken," intoned the tally clerk. "Aye," voted Vermont's Republican Senator George Aiken.

"Mr. Allott." "Aye," said Colorado Republican Gordon Allott.

A moment of pathos came when the clerk arrived at the name of California Democrat Clair Engle, who has undergone two brain operations and has not appeared in the Senate since April. For this occasion, Engle, smiling gallantly, had been wheeled into the chamber. When the clerk called his name, Engle tried to speak, but could not. Finally he lifted his left arm, pointed at his head, and nodded his aye.

Another closely watched vote was that of Arizona's Barry Goldwater, the leading candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. Goldwater had long been critical of the civil rights bill, arguing that brotherly love cannot be legislated into the hearts of men. Of course, the bill attempts to do no such thing; it merely seeks to ensure to all Americans the equality under the law that is their birthright. In recent days Goldwater had indicated that he might wind up voting for the bill if it was amended according to his tastes. But that did not mean he would support cloture. He now answered the roll call with a brusque no.

On and on went the vote. When it reached Delaware Republican John Williams, it stood at 66 for cloture, 20 against. Williams' soft aye made the two-thirds majority required for cloture, and victory. "That's it," cried a Senator. Newsmen sprinted to telephones that had been held open. Mike Mansfield sagged in relief. Dick Russell, grim as death, scribbled fitfully on a yellow pad. Out of the cloakroom hobbled Arizona's Carl Hayden, 86, president pro tempore of the Senate and the man who stands next only to House Speaker John McCormack in the line of succession to the U.S. presidency. Although a longtime foe of cloture, Hayden this time had told Mansfield he might vote for it if he was really needed. He wasn't. "It's all right, Carl,"

## THE VOTE ON CLOTURE

### DEMOCRATS FOR (44)

Anderson (N. Mex.)	Mansfield (Mont.)
Barlett (Alaska)	McCarthy (Miss.)
Bayh (Ind.)	McGuire (Wyo.)
Brewster (Md.)	McGovern (S. Dak.)
Burdick (N. Dak.)	McIntyre (N. H.)
Cannon (Nev.)	McManama (Mich.)
Church (Idaho)	Metcalf (Mont.)
Clark (Pa.)	Monroney (Okla.)
Dodd (Conn.)	Morse (Gre.)
Douglas (Ill.)	Moss (Utah)
Edmondson (Okla.)	Muskie (Me.)
Engle (Calif.)	Nelson (Wis.)
Gruening (Alaska)	Neuberger (Ore.)
Hart (Mich.)	Pastore (R.I.)
Harke (Ind.)	Pell (R.I.)
Humphrey (Minn.)	Proxmire (Wis.)
Inouye (Hawaii)	Randolph (W. Va.)
Jackson (Wash.)	Ribicoff (Conn.)
Kennedy (Mass.)	Symington (Mo.)
Lausche (Ohio)	H. A. Williams (N. J.)
E. V. Long (Mo.)	Yarborough (Texas)
Magnuson (Wash.)	S. M. Young (Ohio)

### REPUBLICANS FOR (27)

Aiken (Vt.)	Javits (N.Y.)
Allott (Colo.)	L. B. Jordan (Idaho)
Beall (Md.)	Keating (N.Y.)
Soggs (Del.)	Kuchel (Calif.)
Carlson (Kans.)	Miller (Iowa)
Case (N.J.)	Morton (Ky.)
Cooper (Ky.)	Mundt (S. Dak.)
Cotton (N. H.)	Pearson (Kans.)
Curtis (Neb.)	Prouty (Vt.)
Dirksen (Ill.)	Saltanostall (Mass.)
Dominick (Colo.)	Scott (Pa.)
Fong (Hawaii)	Smith (Me.)
Hickenlooper (Iowa)	J. J. Williams (Del.)
Hruska (Neb.)	

### DEMOCRATS AGAINST (23)

Bible (Nev.)	B. E. Jordan (N.C.)
H. F. Byrd (Va.)	R. B. Long (La.)
R. C. Byrd (W. Va.)	McClellan (Ark.)
Eastland (Miss.)	Robertson (Ark.)
Ellender (La.)	Russell (Ga.)
Ervin (N.C.)	Smathers (Fla.)
Fulbright (Ark.)	Sparkman (Ala.)
Gore (Tenn.)	Stennis (Miss.)
Holmes (Ariz.)	Talmadge (Ga.)
Hill (Ala.)	Thurmond (S.C.)
Holland (Fla.)	Walters (Tenn.)
Johnston (S.C.)	

### REPUBLICANS AGAINST (6)

Bennett (Utah)	Simpson (Wyo.)
Goldwater (Ariz.)	Tower (Texas)
Mechem (N. Mex.)	M. R. Young (N. Dak.)



cried Mansfield, "We're in." Hayden voted no.

At last the clerk read the tally. It stood at 71 for cloture, 29 against. With four more votes than were required, the U.S. Senate for the first time in its history had invoked cloture against a civil rights filibuster. On the issue, all 100 Senators had taken their stand. And in so doing, they cleared the way for certain passage of the bill.

The measure's previous life had been fraught with difficulties. No sooner had he taken over as President than John Kennedy, who had campaigned on a strong and effective civil rights pitch, let it be known that he would deal with civil rights through administrative, not legislative action. One obvious Kennedy fear: that a civil rights bill sent to Congress would prove politically harmful by dramatizing, once again, the fact that Capitol Hill Democrats were far more deeply divided than Republicans on the issue.

**Flesh on the Skeleton.** For two years congressional Republicans chided Kennedy for his failure to present a civil rights legislative program. Finally, in January 1963, a group of House Republicans introduced their own broad-gauged measure. One month later, President Kennedy sent his first major civil rights message to the Hill. It was terribly thin, asking for federal court-appointed voting referees to determine applicants' qualifications while their voting suits were pending, an extension of the Civil Rights Commission and little else.

The ink was scarcely dry on Kennedy's bill when the city of Birmingham exploded in a tangle of firehoses, snarling police dogs and writhing Negroes. The violence was ugly, and so were the political implications. Soon afterward Kennedy announced that he was sending to Congress a much tougher version of his bill.

That bill, the skeleton on which the legislation presently before the Senate was fleshed, was submitted June 19, 1963. It called for: 1) a ban on discrimination in hotels, motels, restaurants and stores, and authorized the Justice Department to bring suit to force compliance; 2) power for the Attorney General to file desegregation suits against public schools and colleges; 3) withholding of funds from federally assisted programs where discrimination was practiced; 4) establishment of a Community Relations Service to help cities and towns over the rough phases of desegregation; 5) strengthening the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity by giving it a statutory basis.

**The House Record.** But even that package was not nearly strong enough for civil rights advocates in the House of Representatives. Brooklyn's Democratic Representative Emanuel Celler and his ten-man Judiciary subcommittee produced a bill that fairly bristled with teeth. Where Kennedy had asked



DIRKSEN, HUMPHREY & CLOTURE-VOTING COLLEAGUES  
Throughout its legislative life, it was fraught with difficulties.

for voting rights protection for federal elections only, the subcommittee bill included all state and local elections as well. In public accommodations, the Celler group measure added a ban on discrimination in any business that "operates under state or local authorization, permission or license."

Both President Kennedy and Brother Bobby believed that this bill was too drastic to have a chance of legislative approval. In testimony before the full Judiciary Committee, also chaired by Celler, the Attorney General protested: "What I want is a bill, not an issue." Celler was willing to compromise a little, but not much—and in his drive, he got some vital help from House Republican leaders. In conferences with Celler and President Kennedy, G.O.P. Floor Leader Charles Halleck and Ohio's William McCulloch, the ranking minority member of the Judiciary Committee, pledged their support for a slightly watered-down version of the Celler package. They asked only one thing in return: that the President publicly acknowledge the G.O.P. contribution. Kennedy agreed.

That was last fall, just before the assassination. Lyndon Johnson took up where Kennedy had left off, gave Republicans full credit for their stand, and urged the House to pass the bill as a memorial to Kennedy. Halleck remained steadfast in his support, and in February the House approved the measure by a vote of 290 to 130. For the bill were 152 Democrats and 138 Republicans; against it were 96 Democrats and only 34 Republicans.

**Critical Eye.** Now it was up to the Senate—and even among Senators favoring civil rights there were some grave reservations. Everett Dirksen, for one, had been following the course of the House civil rights measure with a close and critical eye. Says he: "I kept annotating it and making a list of prospective amendments." In early

February, just before the House passed the bill, Dirksen entered Washington's Sibley Memorial Hospital for treatment of a bleeding ulcer, took along his own dog-eared copy of the measure and began to rewrite it. He kept at it during a week's recuperation at Broad Run Farm, his redwood-and-field-stone ranch house in suburban Sterling, Va.

Discussing the period after the civil rights bill first reached the Senate, Dirksen recalls that "We sort of let the thing simmer and jell, waiting to see what would happen. We knew that we could expect a freshet of long speeches. We knew that for about 30 days nothing would happen."

**Help from Hubert.** In the interim, Dirksen met almost daily with his top legal aides—three experts on constitutional rights and administrative procedure—and the four men picked the House bill apart. After weeks, they had accumulated a sheaf of some 70 amendments, many technical, some substantive. This was the em'ryonic Dirksen "substitute package."

It was ready for unveiling in late April, and Dirksen explained it at meetings of the eleven-man Senate Republican Policy Committee. "I was trying," he says, "to condition them a little as to what I had in mind for this bill." There was some grouching, mostly from New Hampshire's Norris Cotton, Iowa's Bourke Hickenlooper and Kentucky's Thurston Morton, who were upset over the bill's equal-employment-opportunity section. To a certain extent, Dirksen agreed with them; his own Illinois has strong laws in this area, and Ev found that the bill might usurp states' jurisdiction. His amendment took away the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission's right to file suits.

By now Republican Dirksen and Democrat Hubert Humphrey were in almost constant touch. Early in the civil rights debate Humphrey knew that he had a hard core of 41 Democrats who





EV & WIFE LOUELLA  
Up at 5 a.m. . . .

could be relied on to vote for cloture Dirksen could count on only twelve to 14 Republicans. The total fell far short of the two-thirds vote that would be needed to shut off a filibuster. Slowly, carefully, patiently, Dirksen went to work on even more amendments, all calculated to bring more Republicans into the cloture fold.

By mid-May, recalls Dirksen, his amendment package was "in pretty tangible shape." At Dirksen's suggestion, Humphrey arranged for a bipartisan meeting between Senate and Administration leaders. The place: Dirksen's leadership office with the tinkling chandelier that once belonged to Thomas Jefferson. The participants: Dirksen, Mansfield, Humphrey, California's Republican Senator Tom Kuchel, Attorney General Kennedy, Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, and a sprinkling of liberals, moderates and conservatives from both parties.

In five conferences, agreement was finally reached on the package, essentially a rewritten version of the House bill. On May 26 it was introduced to the Senate by Dirksen as an amendment. Said he: "I doubt very much whether in my whole legislative lifetime any measure has received so much meticulous attention."

**The Thrust.** The bill contains sections dealing with discrimination in voting, public accommodations, publicly owned facilities, education, employment, and federally assisted programs. It also extends the Civil Rights Commission, sets up a Community Relations Service and provides a variety of enforcement powers ranging from court injunctions to jail terms of six months and \$1,000 fines (TIME, May 29).

In many ways, despite other Senators' heavy involvements, it is Dirksen's bill, bearing his handiwork more than anyone else's. Dirksen's 70-odd amendments are less notable for their number than for their thrust. In essence, he has changed the bill so as to allow the states more leeway in controlling their

own civil rights conflicts, and to bar possibly overzealous federal officials—such as an Attorney General—from charging in and initiating civil rights suits without first establishing a "pattern" of discrimination. On both sides of the Senate aisle, almost everyone agrees that Dirksen's proposed amendments vastly improved the House-passed bill.

Just what lay behind Dirksen's endless efforts to shape a workable civil rights bill? Although he voted for lesser civil rights measures in 1957 and again in 1960, there is nothing in his background to suggest that he is any sort of civil rights crusader.

**The Essence.** To Ev Dirksen, the answer to that question is simple enough, "I come of immigrant German stock," he says. "My mother stood on Ellis Island as a child of 17, with a tag around her neck directing that she be sent to Pekin, Illinois. Our family had opportunities in Illinois, and the essence of what we're trying to do in the civil rights bill is to see that others have opportunities in this country."

Last year Chicago Negroes, protesting that Dirksen had not committed himself on the civil rights bill, threw up a picket line around a hotel where Ev was scheduled to speak. Throughout his long political career—16 years in the House, 14 in the Senate—he has received little support from Negroes. He feels a certain bitterness about all this, but not enough to affect his advocacy of the civil rights bill. Explaining his support of that measure, Dirksen says: "I have looked at all the people who came into this office to see me—lawyers, contractors, businessmen, ministers, rabbis, priests. It was a constant walk-in. And I thought: something must be done. Civil rights can't and won't be put off. Do we duck it or come to grips with it? Suppose we don't do something? What will be around the corner in the way of national tranquility?"

Even so, Dirksen was far from ready to accept what he thought was a bad bill—and the shouts of professional civil rights men bothered him hardly at all. "If the day ever comes," he said, "when, under pressure or as a result of picketing or other devices, I shall be pushed from the rock where I must stand to render an independent judgment, my justification in public life will have come to an end."

Thus Dirksen labored, and chipped, and carved, and chiseled toward what he considered to be a fair, realistic measure. For 87 days Democratic segregationists filibustered. But finally the hour for the cloture vote approached. On the morning of the big day, Dirksen arose at 5 a.m., half an hour earlier than usual, at Broad Run Farm. He joined his wife Louella in the kitchen for a breakfast of cereal and toast; then the pair went outside to Dirksen's beloved rose garden, where he clipped some long-stemmed beauties to take to

his office. Shortly after 8 o'clock, Dirksen's chauffeur-driven Cadillac, a perquisite of his position as minority leader, came for him. Dirksen kissed Louella goodbye and, carrying his bulging briefcase and the fresh-cut pink roses, stepped into the car for the 32-mile ride to Capitol Hill. As he arrived in the Senate chamber, Last-Ditch Filibuster Robert Byrd, a West Virginia Democrat, was just sitting down after a 14-hour all-night speech.

**Still, the Demonstrations.** Even as the historic cloture vote was achieved, Negro demonstrations kept cropping out across the U.S. In St. Augustine, Fla., there were riots, and the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. was thrown into jail for trying to integrate a white restaurant. In Tuscaloosa, Ala., a pitched battle broke out between cops and 500 Negro demonstrators. In Canton, Miss., bombs were hurled at a Negro home and church.

All this went to prove a vital point. Many whites, resentful of the Negro revolution, think of the civil rights bill as an incursion into their own rights. It isn't. At the same time, many Negroes believe that the bill will end all their troubles, that upon its signing they will enter a bright new era that is free from prejudice. They are wrong too. Civil rights conflicts will continue this summer and next summer and for summers stretching far into the future.

What the civil rights bill will do is provide a broader legal basis for the equality of opportunity. That is all it is meant to do, and certainly that is plenty. Ev Dirksen knows it well. With a good deal of Democratic cooperation, he practically wrote the thing.



EV & BOBBY KENNEDY  
... with a long way to go.



ROSE GARDEN DINNER FOR ERHARD  
Under swaying lanterns, a champagne toast.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### The Mortarcade

It was cap-and-gown week for thousands of college students (see EDUCATION), and right there under the hoods and tassels were Lyndon Baines Johnson (Southwest Texas State Teachers College, '30) and his Lady Bird (University of Texas, '33).

The President, whose mortarcade had already toured commencements at Michigan, Texas, the Coast Guard Academy and the Lyndon B. Johnson High School, stood under rain-dripping poplars on the campus of Swarthmore College near Philadelphia to assail the "phantom fears" that a strong Federal Government is a threat to individual liberty.

**Government Liberates.** Said Johnson: "We are told that this is the age of the oversize organization, of big business, big unions and big government. Does the Government undermine our freedom by bringing electricity to the farm, by controlling floods, or by ending bank failures? Is freedom betrayed when in 1964 we redeem in full the pledge made a century ago by the Emancipation Proclamation? The truth is—far from crushing the individual—government at its best liberates him from the enslaving forces of his environment."

Two days later Johnson drew some 175,000 people to the streets of Worcester, Mass., en route to another commencement address at Holy Cross College. There, he expressed again his lofty hopes for "the Great Society." Even if the cold war should end, Johnson warned, the world would find itself "on a new battleground as filled with danger and fraught with difficulty as any ever faced by man." The light then, he said, would be "to build a great world society—a place where every man can find a life free from hunger and disease—a life offering the chance to seek spiritual fulfillment unhampered

by the degradation of bodily misery."

Johnson also had the unusual experience of making a speech that his audience did not hear. At a centennial banquet at Gallaudet College in Washington, the only U.S. college for the deaf, Johnson spoke slowly, had his words translated into sign language by the college's dean of women, Elizabeth Benson.

**No Dreams of G.M.** Lady Bird, meanwhile, wrapped herself in the black and white robe given her two weeks before with an honorary degree at Texas, turned up at Harvard Memorial Church to give the baccalaureate address to 252 graduates of Radcliffe. She urged the girls to remain feminine. An educated woman, she said, "does not want to be a long-striding feminist in low heels, engaged in a conscious war with men." Nor should she hold "glamorous images of herself as ambassadress or dreams of glory as she takes over the presidency of General Motors." Instead, advised Mrs. Johnson, a woman should be "pre-eminently a woman, a wife, a mother, a thinking citizen. If you can achieve the precious balance between woman's domestic and civic life, you can do more for zest and sanity in our society than by any other achievement."

Even the White House bulged with graduating seniors. The Johnsons entertained 121 high school graduates designated as "Presidential Scholars," let them wander through the public rooms and over the lawns for nearly five hours. Lynda Bird presided over a hamburger picnic while the Kingston Trio supplied an upbeat and Lyndon and Lady Bird stretched out on the cool grass to watch.

In nonacademic activities, the Johnsons last week:

- Entertained Denmark's lively Prime Minister Jens Otto Krag and his actress wife Helle with a state dinner and dance. Luci Johnson, 16, enjoyed her first state party so much that she stopped the dance in a shoulder-shak-

ing demonstration of the frug with Ricky Keaton, 17, son of a Houston electrical contractor. While guests applauded, a beaming Lyndon clapped out the beat. Luci and Keaton later drove off for a spin in Keaton's red sports car.

- Paid West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard the compliment of receiving him at the first state dinner ever held in the White House Rose Garden.

Some 140 guests sat at small round tables as lanterns mounted on bamboo poles swayed in the soft breeze. In the background, across the south lawn, night lights played over the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial. Ballerina Maria Tallchief and her partner, Jacques d'Amboise, performed on a temporary stage. Guests included Actresses Janet Leigh and Mitzi Gaynor. Said Johnson in a champagne toast: "There can be no real and lasting peace in Europe until Germany is united, united by self-determination in peace and in freedom."

### Up from Pover'y

Even by Texe, standards, Lyndon and Lady Bird have long been considered wealthy. Last week the Washington Evening Star made a detailed attempt at estimating the Johnson family's financial worth, arrived at a tidy figure of more than \$9,000,000.

Listed were the following assets in Texas, most of them held by the Texas Broadcasting Corp., in which Lady Bird, Luci Baines and Lynda Bird hold 84% of the stock:

- Austin radio station KTBC and television station KTBC-TV, which holds an area monopoly in one of the nation's largest cities with only one television station. Estimated value of the Johnson interest: \$5,000,000.
- A 29% share of Waco's KWTX and KWTX-TV, operating in another lucra-

\* Before Johnson became President, it was the I.B.J.

tive market, plus KWTX's sizable holding in a radio station in Victoria and television stations in Bryan and Sherman: \$870,000.

► Proceeds from the 1961 sales of stations KRGV and KRGV-TV in the Rio Grande Valley city of Weslaco: \$1,400,000.

► The 400-acre L.B.J. Ranch near Johnson City: \$150,000. A 6,300-ft. landing strip, capable of handling commercial aircraft: \$100,000.

► Other ranchlands in central Texas, including the 1,800-acre Granite Knob Ranch, the nearby 800-acre Lewis Ranch, half of the 4,500-acre Haywood Ranch near Llano, and 1,700 acres

puts TV Cable under the jurisdiction of the Federal Communications Commission—and the FCC recently ruled that TV Cable must delay any network program for up to 15 days whenever requested to do so by the Johnsons' KTBC-TV. The FCC has a general rule providing such protection for local stations against competition from microwave importation of outside programs. In this case it rejected the argument that KTBC-TV did not need such protection because it already monopolized all three networks and has a financial interest in Capital Cable.

Under the FCC decision, TV Cable will be hard put to compete, and the

at first as if Congress might cut it to ribbons. Veteran Ax Wielder Otto Passman, the Louisiana Democrat who heads the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, said that the President "would be very lucky to get \$2.5 billion." Congress seemed so rebellious that some officials feared the aid package might eventually be trimmed to \$2 billion.

Three things helped turn the tide. One was Johnson's success in convincing Congress that he had really eliminated all the fat. Another was the death in April of House Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon, who had always encouraged Passman to cut.



HEREFORD CATTLE ON L.B.J. RANCH

Even by Texas measure, a tidy sum.



KTBC BUILDING IN AUSTIN

along the Pedernales River near the home ranch: \$600,000.

► Some 25 acres of choice residential land in an Austin suburb, originally held in Lyndon's name, later shifted to the company: \$600,000.

► A twin-engine Beechcraft family airplane: \$200,000.

In addition, the Star cites unestimated holdings in cattle and corporate stocks. It reports the "widespread impression in Austin" that the family controls the Brazos-Tenth Street Corp., which owns some \$300,000 worth of stock in four Austin banks. The Johnson City Foundation, which has been recognized as a charitable institution for tax purposes by the Internal Revenue Service, holds another \$137,000 worth of stock in four Austin banks.

The Johnsons turned over administration of their financial interests to two trustees when Lyndon became President, can resume control when they leave the White House. Their prospects are bright. Texas Broadcasting holds an option to buy, for less than \$1,000,000, a 50% interest in Capital Cable Co., a community-antenna television system that brings programs from San Antonio stations to Austin, carries them into homes by wire. Capital Cable is faced with competition from TV Cable Co., which does the same thing, but more cheaply, by using microwaves to relay the signals from San Antonio.

The microwave technique, however,

Johnson TV monopoly in Austin will be maintained. What is more, Capital Cable, under these conditions, will likely be worth \$5 million to \$10 million within a few years.

## FOREIGN AID

### A Bikini Is Better Than Nothing

Considering the way Congress mangled John F. Kennedy's last foreign aid bill—appropriating only \$3 billion out of an Administration request for \$4.5 billion—Lyndon Johnson decided to try a different approach. He sent up a "pre-shrunk" program of \$3.4 billion, the lowest asking price in foreign aid's history. His aides compared it to a bikini—skimpy, but just enough to cover the vital areas.

Last week Johnson's strategy paid off. By a vote of 230 to 175, the House approved a bill authorizing the expenditure of virtually every penny he asked for, plus an additional request of \$125 million in emergency aid to South Viet Nam. Not since 1947, when Harry Truman launched the foreign aid program by seeking funds to help Greece and Turkey fight Communism, had a President's full request been authorized by the House.

**Barebones Request.** Johnson was jubilant, congratulated the House for a "wise and prudent action." Said he: "This is no time to be cutting a carefully drawn measure." Even so, it looked

Cannon's successor was Texas Democrat George Mahon, who has voted against aid only once in his 30-year congressional career. The third was the performance of Defense Secretary Robert McNamara in preliminary hearings before Passman's subcommittee.

McNamara faced Passman in March, but the full text of his testimony was not made public until last week. He was in a determined mood. Last year he requested \$1.4 billion in military aid, got only \$1 billion. This year he started out with a barebones \$1 billion request and was bent on getting every penny. Whenever Passman slipped a questionable fact into his long, loaded questions, McNamara cut in, requested permission to "clarify" the record. In a typical exchange involving the adequacy of military assistance to Greece and Turkey, McNamara snapped: "There is absolutely no question but what the Greek and Turkish forces are deficient in equipment, and no amount of verbal distortion will change that fact." Protested Passman, "I am not using any verbal distortion." McNamara shot back: "You look at the record."

**The Real Test.** On the floor of the House last week, the authorizing bill sailed through with unprecedented ease. "I would not call this a debate," said New Jersey Republican Peter Frelinghuysen, as one Representative after another rose to sing the bill's praises. "It's just a discussion."

Nonetheless, the battle is not quite over. "The real test for the foreign aid program will be the amount to be appropriated for it," said Ohio Republican Clarence Brown, Passman, whose subcommittee has a large voice in determining that amount, is expected to seek a minimum cut of \$250 million. In the Senate, Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse threatens to seek a 25% cut, and Alaska Democrat Ernest Gruening is known to be annoyed with the whole program because it offers foreign nations lower interest rates on U.S. loans than his constituents are getting for earthquake recovery funds. Ultimately, the Administration figures that its request will be trimmed by a maximum of \$200 million. That makes a smaller bikini than Lyndon was hoping for, but at least it is not one of those newfangled models—the kind without any top.

## ESPIONAGE

### "I Gave Them All"

Despite his near-genius IQ of 142, gangling, bespectacled George John Gessner, 28, had never managed to leave much of a mark anywhere. Last week he finally succeeded, but the mark turned out to be black. In a Kansas City, Kans., federal district court, Gessner was found guilty of selling information on U.S. nuclear weapons to the Russians, thus became the first person convicted under the espionage provisions of the 1954 Atomic Energy Act.

**Princely Payoff.** Gessner had worked for nearly seven years as a nuclear weapons technician, had ample opportunity to gather information of interest to Moscow. At 17, he enlisted in the Air Force, was assigned to guided missile work at Patrick Air Force Base, Fla. Discharged four years later, he labored as a civilian on Titan and Atlas missile projects, in 1960 joined the Army

and worked on nuclear weapons at Jackson, S.C., and Sandia, N. Mex. Ten months after joining the Army, Gessner deserted and crossed over to Mexico.

One of his first stops was the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City. There and in later meetings in two parks with a couple of Soviet colonels, he handed over detailed descriptions of the Mark VII nuclear weapon, the 280-mm. atomic cannon and an 8-in. nuclear gun. For his trouble, he was given \$200 and told to use the money to travel to Cuba.

Gessner never made it to Cuba. He needed a passport to get out of Mexico, but by the time he was able to get one, the Russians had decided he would not be of much further use. His final kissoff was a princely 100 pesos—\$8. Gessner drifted south, was arrested in Panama City by cops because he had no registration papers. U.S. authorities quickly took custody of him as a deserter.

Sent up to Fort Hood, Texas, Gessner at first refused to tell interrogators just what he had been up to in Mexico City. Finally, according to former Army Counterintelligence Agent William V. Benson Jr., he broke down after a visit to the post chaplain, gave Benson a tape-recorded confession, "I gave them all," said Gessner of his dealings with the Russians. "I knew these weapons were going to be used on little children." At one point, Benson asked Gessner about a particular weapon. "This is not important, Julius and Ethel gave it to them in 1948," said Gessner. "Julius and Ethel?" asked Benson. Replied Gessner: "Julius and Ethel, yes, my predecessors." Federal Judge Arthur J. Stanley later ordered the references to the Rosenbergs, who were electrocuted in 1953 for giving nuclear secrets to the Russians, stricken from the record.

**Loathsome Disease.** Though Gessner was indicted for espionage in March 1962, his trial was delayed until last month by four hearings on his mental competence. During the 14-day trial, Gessner's attorneys summoned psychiatrists and former barracks-mates to testify that he was a heavy drinker and an unstable character. But psychiatrists called by the Government said he was capable of controlling his conduct. Declared Justice Department Attorney Paul C. Vincent, "I agree he was sick. He was suffering from the most loathsome disease—disloyalty. He betrayed his country."

The Government argued that the information Gessner sold could help the Russians to develop a new weapons system and to gauge U.S. nuclear capabilities. "After you have heard the evidence and had time to realize the enormity of the offense and its possible consequences," said U.S. Attorney Newell George, "I believe you will decide the death penalty would, indeed, be merciful." After four hours and 14 minutes of deliberation, the jury found Gessner guilty, but declined to send him the way of his "predecessors." His sentence: life imprisonment.



MARINA OSWALD

For the big shot, anyone notable.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### The Man Who Wanted To Kill Nixon

When the full report of the Warren Commission is published, perhaps by month's end, it may well reflect the theory that Lee Harvey Oswald had an obsessive yen to kill—not just John F. Kennedy, but any notable person. According to that theory, Kennedy was no more than a famous target to Oswald.

The theory helps explain why Oswald apparently took a potshot at General Edwin Walker in Dallas in April 1963. Walker, a right-winger, espoused views that were frequently diametrically opposed to Kennedy's. So why, if political causation was the answer, should Oswald shoot at both Kennedy and Walker? The presumed solution: both were highly publicized, controversial men who happened to be within range of Oswald's rifle.

There was still another potential target. In Washington last week the Warren Commission took further testimony from Oswald's widow, Marina. The commission had gathered much information since Marina last testified, and found that she had made some omissions. During a four-hour questioning period, Marina told the commission that on a night in mid-April 1963, her husband walked into a room with a pistol and announced that he was going to kill Richard Nixon. The former Vice President was to speak in Dallas within the next few days. Marina said she dissuaded her husband. As it turned out, Nixon's appearance was canceled, and he never got to Dallas.

In an interview with the Dallas Morning News, Marina insisted last week that Oswald did not hate President Kennedy or Governor John Connally, whom he wounded, but that "he wanted to be a big shot." And, she added with a tone of regret, she would never have married Oswald if they had met in the U.S. instead of the U.S.S.R.



GESSNER WITH U.S. MARSHAL  
From Russia, the kiss-off.



# THE WORLD

## LAOS

### Escalation in the Air

The U.S. last week became involved in a minor but significant air war with the Communists in Laos.

When the Red Pathet Lao overran Laos' embattled Plain of Jars last month, the U.S. replied by sending unarmed jets swooping low over Pathet Lao territory. The purpose was partly to photograph troop movements, partly to demonstrate U.S. resolve to stand firm in the Red-threatened little kingdom. But last week, after Communist gunners shot down two American planes in two days, the U.S. decided that shooting back with cameras was not enough—and in a small way Southeast Asia's crisis began to "escalate."

**Hitting the Road.** The recon sweeps were made by Navy jets from the U.S. 7th Fleet aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk*, lying off South Viet Nam in the South China Sea. Prime target for the planes' high-speed, still-photo lenses was Route 7, a ribbon of dirt snaking out of Communist North Viet Nam into Laos. Known by Laotians as Thang Noy, or the Big Road, Route 7 has long been used by North Viet Nam's Reds to truck men and guns to the Pathet Lao (up to 400 vehicles a day), in open violation of Laos' neutrality accords. To get close-

ups of the latest influx, the supersonic reconnaissance craft flat-batted in at virtually treetop level, at slowpoke speeds of perhaps 450 m.p.h., and often from the same predictable angles.

The Communists fired on the jets from the start, and with practice soon found the range. One day at noon, while maneuvering his RF-8A over the vicinity of Ban Ban, a collection of 300 thatch-roofed huts on Route 7, Navy Lieut. Charles F. Klusmann, 30, of San Diego, felt ground fire thumping through his craft, ejected himself seconds before the plane tumbled to earth. An American search helicopter out of Vientiane spotted the downed pilot at the edge of a clearing, but it was driven off by Communist fire that wounded the chopper's copilot. The Pathet Lao radio later announced that Klusmann had been taken prisoner.

**Punitive Punch.** For the first time, Washington then ordered armed jet fighters to escort the recons, but disaster nearly repeated itself. Again over Ban Ban, a Navy F-8A Crusader escort, flown by Commander Doyle W. Lynn, 37, of La Mesa, Calif., was shot down by the Reds. Lynn likewise bailed out, but after a harrowing night in the tiger-inhabited jungle, he was rescued by a U.S. helicopter.

Back in the Pentagon, flustered brass described the Red gunners as lucky, hastened to explain that jets are terribly vulnerable anyway. "Hell," said one Navy man, "a kid standing at the end of the runway with a baseball bat can knock down a jet if he gets the ball into those turbine blades." But the Reds weren't using baseballs. Western military experts guessed that the U.S. planes had been hit by Soviet-designed ZPU-

2s—twin, 14.5 mm., heavy machine guns mounted on an armored car and operated from a fast-turning swivel seat. U.S. officials suspected that the guns were operated by North Vietnamese crews, but the Laotian Reds may well have been trained to operate them.

In Washington, the Administration decided on a little more escalation. From a base in the Philippines, eight F-100 U.S. Air Force jet fighter-bombers took off, headed over the northern sector of South Viet Nam, then veered up the Laotian corridor. Their mission: to deliver a punitive punch to the harassing anti-aircraft guns.

**Power Demonstration.** The attackers' arrival around breakfast time, shortly after sunrise, must have come as a distinct surprise to the Communist gunners. Instead of taking evasive action, as the reconnaissance craft had always done, these jets bore down, dropped rockets and bombs, then whisked away. Behind, they left a Communist anti-aircraft emplacement demolished in smoking ruins.

The demonstration of U.S. power brought shocked outcries from the Communists. Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai warned that "Laos is a close neighbor of China." Declared Jen-min Jih Pao, Peking's Communist Party organ: "The United States will meet with an even more powerful rebuff." In Vientiane, Neutralist Premier Prince Souvanna Phouma, who had requested the reconnaissance flights originally, claimed that he had not asked for armed jet escorts, called for a "temporary suspension" of all overflights. The U.S. went along for the moment but announced that it had a "clear understanding" with Souvanna that the



U.S. RF-8A RECONNAISSANCE PLANES



PATHET LAO ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN POSITION (LOWER RIGHT)

Throwing more than baseballs.



flights would be resumed whenever necessary. After a session with the U.S. ambassador (see following story), Souvanna agreed.

At week's end the flights were again under way after Souvanna Phouma reported "important movements of Pathet Lao and Viet Minh troops." The Neutralist Premier told a press conference that the aerial reconnaissance had produced some "interesting photos" proving the presence of North Vietnamese troops in Laos. One photograph shows a Communist truck convoy entering Laos only a short distance from the North Viet Nam border.

**Call for Aid.** The government, meanwhile, scored a blow of its own. According to Pathet Lao broadcasts, six U.S.-supplied, converted trainer planes of the Laotian air force bombed and strafed the Pathet Lao headquarters village of Khang Khay, destroying the offices of Pathet Lao Chief Prince Souphanouvong and Red China's "economic and cultural mission," killing one Chinese and injuring five. It was the first time that the Chinese Reds had admitted having a delegation with the Pathet Lao.

In the Laotian ground war, the Communists renewed their pressure on Neutralist positions west of the Plain of Jars. Under the command of game little General Kong Le, the Neutralists fought back as best they could. From his ramshackle, mountainside headquarters southwest of the Plain, Kong Le directs an army reduced to some 3,000 troops, but has been reinforced by thousands of anti-Communist Meo tribesmen who have fled Pathet Lao areas. Last week, during a visit to Vientiane, Kong appealed to the nations of the non-Communist world to help Laos remain neutral, urged the U.S. "to help us more and send more jet bombers and fighters to destroy all enemy positions." Not that Souvanna's coalition government is requesting such aid. "We have asked the Premier many times for foreign troops," said Kong Le, "but there was no answer."

## The Circus of Dr. Unger

The shiny black Checker limousine skimmed along Vientiane's pitted streets like a water beetle supported by surface tension. There was plenty of tension in the Laotian capital, but the burly, brush-browed man in the car did not show it. U.S. Ambassador Leonard Unger was at his unflappable best as he coordinated the search for two downed American aviators and pressed the case for fighter escort to accompany continuing U.S. reconnaissance flights over the Plain of Jars. The ambassador stopped by a cocktail party to talk with a rightist leader, then dropped in on Premier Souvanna Phouma for a little genteel arm twisting.

For a diplomat who thrives on crisis, life in Laos is a circus in which the performer must star in every act from tightrope walking to elephant riding.



KONG LE WITH AMBASSADOR UNGER  
Riding more than elephants.

The tightrope is symbolic and means dealing with the tenuous Laotian coalition government. The elephants are real and are usually ridden at every Laotian *hoon* (festival). Len Unger finds the *hoon* a boon for he is an excellent elephant rider.

**Victory & Puck.** Through two years of duty in Laos, Unger, 46, has demonstrated what one State Department admirer calls "that uncanny ability to keep several balls in the air at the same time." Born in California, Unger was educated at Harvard (B.A. in geography, 1939), experienced his first diplomatic crisis during the Trieste negotiations of the 1950s, and graduated to Southeast Asia in 1958. In the international cat's cradle of Bangkok he learned not only to speak Thai (which is related linguistically to Lao) but also how to keep cool in a hot climate.

Since 1962 Unger has handled three major and countless minor crises in Laos, ranging from the assassination of Foreign Minister Quinim Pholsena through bullet-spanging distups between rightists and Pathet Lao forces. At the same time, he has managed to play endless rubbers of bridge with Prince Souvanna, and tries to get in half a dozen sets of hard-slaming tennis a month. When trouble appears, Unger as likely as not will send his children out riding along the banks of the Mekong River on their Laotian ponies. Victory and Puck, to show family calmness. He accepts the topsy-turvy Asian world with wry good humor. "Any time you're really in trouble here," he says, "the telephones don't work."

**Cards on the Table.** By that standard, the bells cannot have been ringing in Laos last week. "It's been a very rough spell," Unger said during one of his rare

breaks. "It's not good enough to sit here and try to put out fires from day to day. I wish we had more time for constructive thinking for the long run." As he explained the current crisis: "The Pathet Lao attacks in the Plain of Jars represent a flagrant land grab. We don't intend to see the whole country gobbled up."

Beneath his affability, Unger is a hard operator. When Premier Souvanna Phouma last week balked at allowing U.S. fighters to accompany reconnaissance flights, Unger called on his old bridge partner. Just what cards he used were not revealed, but one rumor had it that Unger warned Souvanna to either accept the armed escorts or get set for more drastic U.S. intervention. By week's end, Souvanna seemed once again to be seeing eye to eye with Unger.

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Pause in the War

The big question in South Viet Nam was: "Whatever happened to the war?" Communist terror against civilians continued. But in military operations, it was the sixth consecutive week of only scattered and brief engagements, which the Viet Cong broke off with surprising readiness. One explanation: the guerrilla commanders, concerned by threats of stepped-up U.S. intervention, had ordered a temporary slowdown. Besides, it was the rice-planting season in the Mekong Delta, and many a part-time guerrilla was needed at home.

In Saigon, Premier General Nguyen Khanh addressed 70 leaders of South Viet Nam's multitudinous, microscopic political parties (31 at last count), pleaded with them to close ranks behind his government. Of continuing concern were relations between the country's wary Buddhists and Catholics. Last week 25,000 Catholics staged a unity march in Saigon, which was orderly except for a militant minority that carried banners urging U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge to go home. Many Catholics believe that Lodge was instrumental in the U.S. decision to curtail aid to Catholic President Ngo Dinh Diem prior to Diem's overthrow and murder. However, others in the crowd tore down the anti-Lodge signs.

Later, 2,000 Buddhists marched to a Saigon pagoda to mark the anniversary of the immolation of Thich Quang Duc, the aged monk who was the first to burn himself alive in last summer's wave of anti-Diem Buddhist sacrifices. Hours before the service, a towering statue of Buddha on the banks of the Saigon River suddenly blazed up in flames. Within minutes, an awed crowd had gathered, murmuring that surely a miracle had occurred to commemorate Thich Quang Duc's sacrifice. As it turned out, however, the statue was made of highly inflammable plastic and had been accidentally ignited by a worker's acetylene torch.



DE GAULLE AT SOISSONS

The candidate is more determined than ever.

## FRANCE

### So That Tomorrow Will Be Like Today

Charles de Gaulle has toured his country 21 times since 1959, and as a result Frenchmen everywhere have grown accustomed to the towering figure mingling with crowds. But last week, as he set off on his latest trip, a junket through Picardy, there was an unusual air of curiosity: at 73, and recently out of the hospital after a prostate operation, how would De Gaulle stand up to four days of speeches and handshaking?

Perhaps as one concession to his convalescence, he did not travel in his usual speedy Citroën limousine; instead, he decided on a two-car diesel train, which could move him in greater comfort to the rural reaches of France's north. At his first scheduled stop, Soissons, a mighty cheer went up as he stepped before the throng at the Hôtel de Ville. He knew as well as they that the Picardy farmers had been protesting angrily against low agricultural prices, so he permitted himself a moment of what for him was considerable levity. Apologizing for having canceled an earlier trip to the region because of his illness, De Gaulle smiled: "You know that some said I did not come at that time because I was afraid of you! As has become evident since then, it was not at all for that reason."

What was also quickly evident as De Gaulle proceeded through the towns and villages was that his skill and spirit were hardly diminished by either age or illness. He plunged happily into thickets of outstretched hands, ignoring the blazing June sun to deliver elegant little speeches, without notes and without hesitation. Caught in a rainstorm at Beauvais, De Gaulle stood through the Mayor's long speech without hat or raincoat as streams of water ran down his grey suit. Did this mean that De Gaulle would be able to go ahead with his ambitious ten-nation swing through Latin

America next fall? His doctors and other aides were watching, ready to recommend a drastic cut in the itinerary—or even cancellation—at the slightest sign of flagging strength.

For the audiences of Picardy, a greater question was whether his illness would force De Gaulle out of the 1965 presidential race. To that question, he gave a relatively direct answer: "I am more determined than ever to serve my country to the extent that I can, so that things will remain tomorrow as they are today." As his trip through Picardy ended, it seemed clear that this was just what an overwhelming majority of Frenchmen wanted too.

### Un Bonjour de L'Etrangleur

*A man and a boy stood deep within the Bois de Verrières just south of Paris. Above the boy's head, a giant oak reared away into the predawn darkness. "Tell me," he asked the man, "are there wolves here?" The man placed a reassuring hand on the nape of the boy's neck. "No, my little Luc, there are no wolves." Slowly the man's hand tightened . . .*

The body of Jean-Luc Taron, aged 11, was found face down beneath the oak tree at 5:30 on the morning of May 27. The back of the neck was severely bruised, and the boy's nostrils were filled with foam, indicating that the murderer had used the soft forest floor for two purposes: to smother the cries of his victim, and to bring about death by suffocation.

To Chief Inspector Jean Samson of Paris' First Mobile Brigade, it appeared to be one of those senseless, psychotic murders committed by a madman who quickly gives himself away or else fades into the anonymity of the city and is never caught. But within a day of Jean-Luc Taron's murder, the case took a bizarre turn, and before the week was out Paris had been half-hypnotized with horror. For Jean-Luc's killer was a brazen publicity seeker, who taunted the

cops and the newspapers with a barrage of telephone calls, special-delivery letters and threats of another child murder unless he was immediately paid \$100,000 in advance ransom.

**Developing Image.** To convince Chief Inspector Samson that he was indeed *l'étrangleur* (the strangler), the criminal filled his various messages with details that only the murderer could have known. Jean-Luc had told him, the killer reported, how he had run away from home after lifting 15 francs from his mother's purse. He was tired of doing his homework (his last assignment: to conjugate the verb *rire*, to laugh), and when he left his parents' house on Paris' middle-class Rue de Naples, he was wearing a tan corduroy jacket and carrying a Bugs Bunny comic book. He had a spot of mercurochrome on one leg ("I can no longer remember which," the killer apologized in a phone call to Agence France-Presse). The boy's jacket, added the strangler, could be found along highway N-306 "just before Châtillon going toward Paris." (It was.) The most convincing touch was the dialogue concerning Jean-Luc's fear of wolves. Said Jean-Luc's businessman father, "Each time my boy entered a wood, he asked that question."

Doing out "exclusives" to the Paris newspapers, the killer evidently took pleasure in watching his image develop. He modestly acknowledged the description that handwriting experts had built up from his messages: "I do come from a well-educated background (my father was a high civil servant), and I do not lack intelligence." To Paris-Presse he sent a sketch of the murder scene that showed the killer ("me") and the boy ("him") in the exact positions Inspector Samson had calculated. An accompanying note said: "Expect another dramatic development." It came when a grey-haired man in his 40s, dressed as a worker, handed Jean-Luc's Bugs Bunny comic book to a ticket puncher in the



JEAN-LUC TARON

Man is worse than the wolves.

Porte de Clignancourt Métro station, then jumped on a train and disappeared.

**Ransom or Death.** With every passing day, the strangler gave Inspector Samson a few more clues. Soon hundreds of cops were checking the route taken by the killer after he picked up Jean-Luc near his home, hoping to find eye-witnesses. Other investigators searched the 15th arrondissement, where the killer said he lived, and stopped drivers of Citroën DS 19s, which the killer said he drove. Meanwhile, Jean-Luc's father scanned photographs taken at the boy's funeral, which the killer said he had attended ("but I wasn't crazy enough to show myself"). By week's end—fully 18 days, 26 messages and 13 phone calls after the murder—the killer was still at large. The press blamed police for being unable to follow up on the many clues, impatiently demanded an arrest.

And the messages continued to pour in: "It is because I need money that I killed without pity, and I will kill again. Now I am waiting for the opportunity to snatch my next little child and to receive the ransom money. Afterward, you will no longer hear about me. Remember: ransom or death. *Un bonjour de l'étrangleur* [Good day from the strangler]."

## SOUTH AFRICA

### Avoiding Martyrdom

To some South Africans it seemed that world opinion had finally taken effect on their nation's stubborn racist masters. Eight men accused of membership in the revolutionary *Umkonto we Sizwe* (Spear of the Nation) group had been convicted of sabotage, a crime that carries the death penalty. But last week the eight—six black, one white and an Indian—were sentenced to life imprisonment. Another white defendant was acquitted but immediately rearrested on other charges.

Black leaders elsewhere in Africa denounced the life sentences as inhuman, but the fact remains that the outcome could have been worse. The defendants, while pleading their "moral" innocence, admitted a great many of the charges; nine other South Africans, tried in a similar case last year, had been sentenced to death. But this time the government evidently decided that death sentences would have created super-martyrs who, from the grave, could have rallied South Africa's often dis-jointed blacks and coloreds as well as many white liberals.

**Bombs for Christmas.** Foremost among the convicted Spear-men were Nelson Mandela, 45, the "Black Pimpernel," who led South Africa's Special Branch cops a merry chase before his capture two years ago, and Walter Sisulu, 52, head of the banned African National Congress. For more than nine months, a stream of 186 witnesses passed through Pretoria's red brick Palace of Justice, documenting in 2,550,000 words of testimony the gov-

ernment's charges that Umkonto had planned a systematic, 18-month campaign of sabotage aimed at undermining apartheid.

When cops descended eleven months ago on Umkonto's "headquarters," an isolated farm at Rivonia north of Johannesburg, they found 106 maps of selected sabotage targets—among them police and power stations, post offices, homes of African officials. One prosecution witness who claimed to be an Umkonto defector said he had blown up power-line pylons in Natal and government offices in Durban, sent bombs wrapped as Christmas presents to government officials (none apparently exploded). Wary of its world image, Umkonto was careful to order its saboteurs not to kill, in fact forbade them even to carry arms.

**Operation Comeback.** State Prosecutor Percy Yutar, working from a captured 19-page document titled "Op-



"BLACK PIMPERNEL" MANDELA  
The struggle is bigger than the law.

eration Comeback," charged that the defendants had mapped detailed plans for a Communist-backed "war of liberation" modeled on guerrilla campaigns in China, Cuba and Algeria, to be followed by an air and sea invasion of African shock troops trained in closely guarded camps near Dar es Salaam, Addis Ababa, Cairo and Algiers. He also tried to prove that Umkonto was the "military arm" of the supposedly nonviolent African National Congress.

Though the defense readily admitted that Umkonto had accepted Communist as well as other outside aid and did not deny the charges of sabotage, Mandela and Sisulu adamantly insisted that Umkonto had no tie-in with the A.N.C. They argued that the Spear had been honed only when black South Africans concluded that peaceful means of achieving equality had failed. "The

whites chose to turn South Africa into an armed camp," said Sisulu. "I do not see how I could have done otherwise than I did. It is inevitable that in any civil war fought in this country, victory will go to the oppressed."

**Black, Not Red.** Umkonto Leader Mandela, once a celebrated Johannesburg boxer, admitted planning sabotage but insisted that he acted as a black, not a Red. His inspiration, he argued, had come not from Moscow or Peking but from the Zulu and Xhosa chieftains who fought long and skillfully against the technologically superior Boers a century ago. "This," he said in a dramatic peroration from the dock, "is the struggle of the African people, inspired by their own suffering and experience. It is a struggle for the right to live. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society, in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunity. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and achieve. But, if needs be, my Lord, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

Now he will have to live for it in jail. After the sentencing, a crowd held in check by police dogs and armed cops gathered outside the Palace of Justice to watch the prisoners being led away. Two Black Marias purred through the square, then accelerated swiftly toward Pretoria Central Jail. From there, the black and "colored" prisoners would be ferried to Robben Island, a former leper colony off the Cape of Good Hope, while the white man would stay in a white prison. As the trucks pulled away, white, black and brown arms flashed briefly behind the bars in the clenched-fist salute of the African National Congress. From the crowd came a ragged cry: "*Amandla neka Wetu* [Strength is ours]."

## SWEDEN

### The Idealist

During his 15-year career as a Soviet spy, Swedish Air Force Colonel Stig Wennerström sold the Russians some 160 of his nation's top defense secrets. The suave handsome aviator, who held the secret rank of major general in the Red army, also spied on NATO, and during a five-year stint (1952-57) as an air attaché in Washington handed his bosses information on the Polaris submarine, the Strategic Air Command, and U.S. nuclear weapons, which he was able to inspect on the assembly lines. Since his arrest a year ago, Wennerström, now 57, has admitted most of the charges against him, but claimed to be an "idealist" whose only motive was "to preserve the peace and power balance of the world."

Last week, in Department Eight of Stockholm Magistrate's court, Wennerström was convicted on three counts of "gross espionage." He was stripped of his rank—his Swedish colonelcy, that is—ordered to pay the state \$98,000 of some \$200,000 that he received for his

espionage work, and sentenced to life imprisonment. In Sweden this means that he will technically be eligible for parole in ten years. The full details of his career may never be known. The government allowed only 900 pages of the 3,700-page trial transcript to be published; nearly half of the court's 190-page judgment, also, was classified. If it contained any information that the Russians did not already have, it was through no fault of Stig Wennerström.

## COMMUNISTS

### The Reluctant Satraps

The word satellite is still the way to describe Eastern Europe's Communist states—but just barely. With ill-concealed pleasure, they are asserting their growing independence from Moscow. Back from Bucharest, Patrick Gordon Walker, the British Labor Party's foreign affairs expert, says: "In Eastern

"intentionally perverse" in its new economic relations with non-Communist countries. Radio Bucharest replied acidly: "Is it necessary for a country to stop developing its own resources in order to get a certificate of good behavior in the socialist camp?"

Behind the quarrel lies Russia's conception of Rumania's role in COMECON, which in 1960 prescribed a division of tasks among Eastern Europe's Communist nations that would have left East Germany and Czechoslovakia as the chief industrial producers of Eastern Europe's Communist world. Under this plan, Rumania, with its oil and farm produce, would have remained largely a provider of raw materials. Rumanian Communist Boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, wanting industries of his own, said no to Nikita. Looking outside the Soviet bloc, he proceeded to purchase iron ore from India and turned to an Anglo-French consortium for a \$40 million

90 major Communist parties in the world were willing to follow the Moscow line against China. Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Hungary might go along with the idea of a conference, but would hardly support a dramatic expulsion of China from the Communist ranks.

Coolly, Tito sat down with Khrushchev, and then agreed to a communiqué that spoke of "friendship," "cordiality," even of "monolithic unity" among Communists. He probably promised to seek support for Moscow among the Communist parties in nonaligned lands of Africa and Asia. There was no sign that Tito was ready to help curb the satraps' growing independence from Moscow, whose rule in Eastern Europe remains of course preponderant but is never likely to be quite the same again.

### A Sop for Walter

Adhesive to Moscow through thick and thin is East Germany's Walter Ulbricht, who has waited all these years for a peace treaty that would permit him to order the U.S., Britain and France out of West Berlin. The permission never came, because Khrushchev was confronted by the West's readiness to fight for its rights in Berlin. How to keep Walter reasonably happy? After a round of "fraternal meetings" with Ulbricht in Moscow last week, the answer came with announcement of a 20-year "friendship pact" between East Germany and the Soviet Union. The document pledged mutual assistance in case of aggression and spoke vaguely of West Berlin as "an independent political unit" but specifically upheld the Potsdam Treaty, which had established the Western presence in Berlin. To avoid any misunderstanding, Moscow had made it clear to Washington that the new treaty did not affect the West's position—and was therefore meaningless.



PARTY BOSS GHEORGHIU-DEJ (WITH FLOWERS) VISITING RUMANIAN POWER STATION From Moscow, no certificate of good behavior.

Europe at the moment, Khrushchev has about six De Gaulles on his hands."

Right now, Rumania is being the most "Gaullist" in its efforts to set a national course of its own. After signing a trade agreement with the U.S., Bucharest sent representatives to Geneva last week, inquiring about the possibility of membership not only in the West-sponsored GATT trade organization but in Washington's World Bank and International Monetary Fund as well. Reportedly the Hungarians and Bulgarians put out similar feelers. In Geneva, two Rumanian envoys made contact with Common Market bureaucrats, but dropped a scheduled "working lunch" when word leaked out prematurely.

**Raw Provider.** While Bucharest is changing Russian street names, dropping the Russian language as a compulsory subject in schools and closing the city's Russian bookstores, Rumanians and Soviet ideologues exchange insults. When Radio Moscow called Rumania

steel-rolling mill plant at Galati, in the heart of Rumania's budding industrial region. Soon Rumania's trade with the West rose from 15% to 40%. Now there are signs that, in order not to leave the field entirely to the West, Moscow is finally ready to send the Rumanians some heavy machinery too.

**A Turn to Tito.** What Khrushchev really wants from the Rumanians and the other "fraternal countries" is a mammoth conference in Moscow next fall to demonstrate Communist loyalty to the Soviet Union and denounce Peking. The satellites resist this because they fear, probably with reason, that if Khrushchev can clearly establish his mastery over Peking, he will then try to reestablish his mastery over Eastern Europe. In this dilemma, Moscow last week turned, ironically, to Yugoslavia's Tito, the man who by his defiance of Stalin in 1948 made himself the very symbol of "national Communism." Tito knew that only some 50 of the possible

## CYPRUS

### Knocking Heads Together

Plucked from a conference table in Geneva, U.S. Under Secretary of State George Ball last week flew to Athens and Ankara as a special envoy of President Johnson. His job: to damp down the latest Cyprus crisis caused by the sudden massing of Turkish troops at the seaport of Iskenderun.

In Athens, Ball conferred with Greece's Premier George Papandreu, then jetted on to Ankara where Turkey's Premier Ismet Inönü was already in receipt of a blunt message from President Johnson asking him to cancel at once any decision to land Turkish troops on Cyprus. Ball warned both leaders that the U.S. is tired of having to prevent local wars at the last minute. The knocking of heads together had a seemingly pacific result. At week's end, Inönü accepted an invitation to come to Washington next week for talks with Johnson, and Papandreu is expected to follow suit before the month is out.



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## Gordon's & Tonic: English invention for coping with the noonday sun.

A retired English colonel, vividly recalling the heat of India, created the first Gin & Tonic nearly 75 years ago. Did he use Gordon's? Undoubtedly. For Gordon's had already been a favoured English gin for over a century. Since then, gin-drinkers have found Gordon's & Tonic refreshing as a sun-downer, too. And they

have found that Gordon's is the indispensable ingredient in a host of summer drinks, from Tom Collinses to Orange Blossoms. Not to mention the cocktail-for-all-seasons, the glorious Gordon's Martini. Hot enough for you? Tell the man "Gordon's", the biggest-selling gin in England, America, the world.

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NEHRU FUNERAL BARGES ON THE GANGES  
Vanishing in wind, water and dust.

## INDIA

### Close to the Soil

Although he had already succeeded to the leadership of India, Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri could not begin to govern until all that was mortal of Jawaharlal Nehru vanished in the wind, water and soil of India.

Leaving Delhi last week, a special train crawled slowly through a yellow haze of summer dust. In one coach, heaped with red roses, jasmine and white lotus blooms, stood a large silver-and-copper urn holding Nehru's ashes.<sup>\*</sup> Reaching Allahabad, Nehru's home town, late that night, the urn was carried in procession through the predawn coolness to the riverbank and loaded aboard a white-painted amphibious "duck." The boat moved out to a spot where the muddy brown current of the sacred Ganges is joined by the green water of the Jumna River. Airplanes circled overhead, and one dived down to shower rose petals. Small craft crowded close as Nehru's tall, handsome grandsons, Rajiv and Sanjay Gandhi, lifted the urn. Thousands waded into the river in a frenzy of mourning—one luckless woman ventured too far, was swept away and drowned.

As the boys emptied the wide-mouthed urn over the water, a single cannon boomed a farewell salute, the military band fell silent, and the vast crowd roared, "*Nehru amar hai*! [Nehru is immortal]." The remainder of the ashes were scattered all over India, from the beautiful green Vale of Kashmir, which Nehru loved, to the cotton fields around Ahmadnagar Fort, where he had been imprisoned by the British.

It was now clear that Nehru had known for months that he lived close to death. On a scratch pad on his desk, Nehru had neatly written the elegiac lines of Robert Frost:

*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.*

<sup>\*</sup> This urn was filled with charred pieces identified as bone, while seven smaller urns contained all other ashes, those of Nehru's body as well as the wooden funeral pyre.

**Vigorous Turn.** With Nehru gone, the gaze of India and the world turned to his successor. Flying back to New Delhi from Allahabad, Shastri was officially installed as Prime Minister and turned vigorously to the tasks before him. A conciliator by nature, he hoped to bring his principal rival, Morarji Desai, into his new Cabinet. Spare, ascetic ex-Finance Minister Desai demanded that he be given a post that would, in effect, make him deputy prime minister and No. 2 man in India. When Shastri countered with the offer of the No. 3 position in the Cabinet, just under that of veteran Home Minister Gulzari Lal Nanda, Desai bitterly refused because he felt "it is not consistent with my self-respect."

Almost all posts in the somewhat lackluster Cabinet were filled by holdovers from Nehru's day, including such familiar leaders as Defense Minister Y. B. Chavan and Railways Minister S. K. Patil. The most important newcomer is Nehru's gifted daughter, Indira Gandhi, who became Minister of Information, may later be promoted to Foreign Minister. That post, as well as the Ministry of Atomic Energy, Shastri kept for himself for the time being.



PRIME MINISTER SHASTRI & KENNY  
Recalling Gandhi.

The first Cabinet meeting centered on Shastri's most pressing problem, India's soaring food prices, which have risen 8.5% in the past year. Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari warned that the government may have to enter the food-distributing business, and Shastri is known to be considering the imposition of price controls.

**Deep Offense.** In his first nationwide broadcast, the new Prime Minister promised to overhaul the nation's creaky, corrupt bureaucracy. While reaffirming Nehru's policy of nonalignment, Shastri pointedly quoted only one foreign leader, Lyndon Johnson, who had said that the world's best tribute to Nehru would be peace. Shastri held out a warm hand of friendship to neighboring Pakistan, regretting that the two countries have been so long at odds over Kashmir, and praised Pakistan's recent peace proposals as showing "wisdom and understanding." As for Red China, Shastri declared that Peking "has wronged us and deeply offended our government and people," but he also expressed a vague hope for negotiation.

As Prime Minister, Shastri will continue to live in his small bungalow at 1 Motilal Nehru Place (a street named for Nehru's father), although living quarters for his family and his many relatives will be expanded by taking over a bungalow next door. Nehru's white-walled residence will probably become a museum. Since it was garlanded by visitors on his wide lawn and posed for pictures with his grandson Kenny, riding on his shoulders. The child had been called Kennedy from birth in honor of the late U.S. President, but after the Dallas assassination the family decided it would be more decorous to give him the nickname of Kenny.

Despite all of India's gigantic problems, Shastri seems to be off to a fair start. His opponents in the Congress Party, ranging from Morarji Desai on the right to Krishna Menon on the left, are likely to give him several months' grace before they start rocking the boat. And after 17 years of Nehru's aristocratic rule, the mass of the Indian people appear to regard Shastri as representing a return to the homey, close-to-the-soil leadership of Gandhi.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## PANAMA

### Verdict: The U.S. Was Not Guilty

In the wake of the Canal Zone riots last January, Panama accused the U.S. of violating the U.N.'s Universal Declaration of Human Rights. This violation, Panama charged, was committed by the U.S. Army when it fired "on the defenseless Panamanian population" and denied Panamanians "the right of freedom of peaceful assembly and association." The Panamanian government asked the Geneva-based International Commission of Jurists, an unofficial but highly respected group of international lawyers, to investigate the case.

Last week the I.C.J. made its report. Verdict: not guilty. The U.S. violated no one's "human rights." Indeed, the Panamanians themselves, whatever their legitimate grievances, were considerably to blame for the four days of violence in which 26 were killed, 400 injured.

**Careful Preparation.** A three-man committee—Professor A. D. Belinfante of Holland's Amsterdam University, Judge Gustaf Petén of Sweden, and Navroz Vakil, a Bombay attorney—spent 14 days in Panama last March and conducted 100 hours of hearings.

The committee found that the flag-raising march on Balboa High School by some 200 Panamanian students "appears to have been very carefully prepared and not a spontaneous movement," that Panama's President Roberto F. Chiari may well have known about it in advance and that, in any event, the Panamanian government did absolutely nothing to stop the subsequent rioting. For four days, from Jan. 9 to 13, said the committee, Panama's peace-keeping National Guard was curiously disarmed and "purposely kept away" from the trouble spots. Said the committee: "There was no evidence before us that any attempts were made by the authorities of the Panamanian Republic to assuage, calm or otherwise control the crowds."

**Long, Hot Wait.** As for the U.S., American students at Balboa acted badly, and Canal Zone police were less than gentle with the crowds in the early stages. Nevertheless, U.S. G.I.s withstood heavy gunfire along the border of Panama City for one hour before firing back, first with shotguns, then with rifles. In Cristobal, at the other end of the canal, U.S. troops were under fire for nearly two days before retaliating—with shotguns only. "By then, three U.S. soldiers had been killed and twelve had been wounded."

Concluded the committee: "The tempo and violence of the disturbances were such that there is little doubt that they held out a real threat to life and security, which could only be met by strong measures. In these circumstances, Zone authorities and U.S. military forces were entitled to use force."

### Another Payoff

The polls closed more than a month ago, but Panama's politicians are still paying off election debts. And for some the only way is bullets and blood.

Four weeks ago, Aquilino Boyd, Panama's fire-breathing Ambassador to the U.N., who doubles as a federal Deputy, shot and wounded a newspaper editor in revenge for an uncomplimentary story about his re-election attempt. Last week another prominent Panamanian was involved in a shooting vendetta—on the receiving end. Lying in a Panama City hospital with severe bullet wounds was Roberto ("Tito") Arias, 45, moneyed husband of British Ballerina Dame Margot Fonteyn, nephew of just-defeated presidential candidate Arnulfo Arias, and proud possessor of a long and varied career in his own right.

**Bag & Gun.** After marrying Dame Margot in 1955, Tito twice served (1955-58, 1960-62) as Panama's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. But it was what he did during his undiplomatic moments that made him interesting. Five years ago, angry at the then President, he launched a low-comedy invasion of Panama with seven men and a couple of boatfuls of arms. The invasion failed, of course; Dame Margot, who was along for the ride, was expelled from the country, while Tito scamped off to the Brazilian embassy until the storm blew over. Since then, he has been linked with various gun-running efforts and last year, still another caper—alleged whisky smuggling—landed him in a Panama jail for three days until charges were dropped.

All that ancient history didn't bother the voters, who overwhelmingly elected Tito to the National Assembly last month. Running with him as an alter-

nate Deputy was one Alfredo Jiménez, 33, an old enemy who campaigned energetically for both Tito and Arnulfo. In return, he fully expected to be chosen from the elected alternates to sit in for Tito whenever he is away. Since that is often, Jiménez was counting on earning a near full-scale \$12,000 annually. But Tito chose someone else as his alternate, and Jiménez was left holding the bag—and a gun.

**At a Traffic Light.** One day last week, as Tito's chauffeur-driven limousine halted for a traffic light in Panama City, Jiménez leaped from a nearby car, crying, "I won't let you doublecross me!" Jiménez then pumped four bullets into Arias' neck, right shoulder and right side.

Rushed to a hospital, Arias underwent two lengthy operations. Dame Margot went on with her show in England, took the curtain calls and then flew to Panama. At week's end, doctors were hopeful of saving Tito's life, but one bullet may have damaged his spinal cord, possibly paralyzing him from the neck down. And Jiménez? The word reaching frustrated police is that he is hiding out in the home of another political pal, one who has legislative immunity, and is thus quite beyond their reach.

## BRAZIL

### Crossing Out the Ex

"The President of the Republic, under the authority bestowed upon him by Article 10 of the Institutional Act, resolves to cancel the legislative mandate and suspend for ten years the political rights of Senhor Juscelino Kubitschek de Oliveira." With that terse statement, the new government of Brazil last week ostracized the country's former President on grounds of corruption and Communist-coddling. The government accused Kubitschek of a wide variety of offenses—land manipulations,



JIMÉNEZ & ARIAS IN BETTER TIMES



ARIAS AFTER THE SHOOTING

After the caper, a doublecross.

When there's  
no man around...

Goodyear should be.

She's stranded. A flat tire and no one in sight to help her change it. But now with LifeGuard Safety Spare she'll never have to change a tire. Because the LifeGuard is not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire, with tread, cord and bead. Designed to keep her going even with a flat, puncture, or blowout. The secret of LifeGuard is two tires. One inside the other. The outside tire is the Double Eagle. It's made with exclusive Vytacord polyester...the "dream cord" that's strong as nylon and smooth riding as rayon...

yet cooler running than both. And like all Goodyear auto tires, the Double Eagle is made with Tufsyn rubber, that's 25% more durable. In fact, the Double Eagle is the toughest, longest-wearing tire you can buy.

Add LifeGuard Safety Spare and it becomes the safest tire in the world. Chances are the Double Eagle will never let her down. But if it should, the LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over. She'll never have to stop to change tires... even with a blowout. It's almost as good as having a man around.



GO  
GO GOODYEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn, Vytacord, T.M.'s  
of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company,  
Akron, Ohio





SMUGGLERS' CAR-ASSEMBLY PLANT IN ARGENTINA  
Where there's a will, there's a wife.

accepting kickbacks from contractors, making deals with the Reds for political support. So long as the suspension stands, Kubitschek may not run for President or any other office, hold a government job, or even vote.

Within an hour of the announcement, hundreds of people jammed the street outside Kubitschek's beach-front apartment in Rio. "He'll return! He'll return!" they chanted. In Kubitschek's apartment, supporters hoisted the ex-President to their shoulders and carried him to the window. Fans and foes alike rallied to Kubitschek's side. "Abusive, monstrous and violent measure," said Heraclito Sobral Pinto, president of the Brazilian Bar Association and longtime critic of Kubitschek. "The real loser," said Archbishop Dom Helder Câmara, "was not Kubitschek but Brazil."

Kubitschek's PSD party immediately withdrew its support from the government majority bloc in Congress, reducing the bloc to a minority with only one-third of the votes. The government's extreme action also drove the PSD back into its old alliance with the Labor Party of deposed President João Goulart. Through it all, the revolutionary government of Humberto Castello Branco stood its ground, stolidly went ahead with still another "purge" list that may run to 500 names.

## TRADE & COMMERCE

### The Great Leveler

"This evil thing," said a harassed Argentine official, "is like a huge centipede, a giant having 100 heads and thousands of feet, favored by the vast extent of our frontiers, by haphazard legislation piled up over the years, by a lack of definite means of combatting it." Communism? Not this time. The official was bemoaning a corrupting force that antedates even Marx—the legion of Latin American smugglers who, to the policeman's dismay and consumer's delight, control some 20% of Latin America's import trade.

In Buenos Aires last week, customs officials were auctioning off a \$100 million hoard of contraband—1,500 cars,

mountains of nylons, radios and TV sets—confiscated over the last few years. It was only the merest drop in a very deep bucket. By conservative estimate, Argentine smugglers will do a \$300 million business this year, while their counterparts in Brazil will gross an even handsomer \$400 million. Total sales for all Latin America are well over \$1 billion annually.

**Camels with the Corvina.** Latin Americans may differ on politics, on soccer stars, on blondes v. brunettes. But smuggling is the great leveler and common denominator. Domestic industries cannot supply the varied needs of the developing countries, and protective governments aggravate the shortages by slapping prohibitive tariffs on imports. The official purpose seems noble: to help fight inflation, make domestic goods more competitive, and generally steer economies along tried and proven channels. In the Dominican Republic duties average 70% of value; in Colombia they run up to 150% on some items, while Argentina charges 200% on such treasured goods as steak sauce, toys and perfume.

So almost everybody smuggles, from big-time professionals to the lowly fisherman who returns with a case or two of cigarettes along with his *corvina*. Last month customs men in Buenos Aires decided to have a look at a returning Argentine courier's suspiciously bulky duffel bag, all duly marked and sealed as a "diplomatic pouch." It contained 124 blue mink pelts. And then there is the army of "ant smugglers," the ordinary travelers who sneak everything from gems to Japanese cameras across the porous borders in their bulging luggage.

In Brazil, where smugglers bring in an estimated 250,000 transistor radios each year, one Japanese model that retails legally for \$46 costs \$7.50 at your friendly smuggler's outlet. Guatemalans smuggle almost anything made in Mexico; Costa Rica's national lottery is pretty unexciting, so Costa Ricans slip in big wads of tickets from Panama, where the payoff is bigger. In Chile Camay soap rates high, since local brands are



CONFISCATED SCOTCH IN RIO

sudless—and expensive. Scotch whisky is a durable favorite everywhere. (Enterprising Argentine distillers now produce under license a domestic brand labeled "Old Smuggler," but it cannot quite pass the hangover test, and customers still prefer the imported stuff.) U.S. autos bring a 300% markup on the legal market in Argentina, and there is a thriving undercover import business in crates marked "agricultural equipment." An even more sophisticated wrinkle is smuggling airplanes: near the seaside resort of Mar del Plata, Argentine police are currently investigating a shipment of planes—53 contraband Cessnas and Pipers—smuggled in piece by piece. At a rough estimate, the haul would have been worth \$1,000,000 to the smugglers.

**Diamonds in Chocolate Bars.** By ground, sea and air—they come. The Chilean navy recently fought a noisy battle with the crew of a freighter loaded with a contraband cargo of cigarettes, whisky and, of course, soap. In Venezuela police found themselves confiscating the same launch three times—the smugglers simply kept buying it back at auction. In Argentina one crafty operator kept police baffled by using two planes with the same markings and registration—one for smuggling and one for legitimate freight. Other pros ship Scotch in gasoline tankers, diamonds in chunky chocolate bars, cigarettes under false truck floor boards.

To cope with the smugglers, Peru, Colombia and Ecuador are strengthening their border patrols. Practically every nation is tightening customs regulations. Argentina has gone so far as to bar all imports of furs, Scotch, cigarettes, toys, nylons and sporting equipment. But since no one took the trouble to check the stocks at the time of prohibition, storekeepers have inexhaustible inventories left over—naturally—from before.



How to warm a calculating woman's heart: give her



COSTUME BY PIERRE CARDIN. CALCULATOR BY MONROE. PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS AT THE MAISON DE LA RADIO BY HIRO.

Monroe's fast-printing calculator with 15 digit capacity

**MONROE**   
A DIVISION OF LITTON INDUSTRIES

**SET OF THE SAIL:** The same wind that sweeps one boat to victory leaves others far behind. The difference? The skill of the hands that handle the sails. It's not the wind that makes or breaks us. It's the set of our sail that counts. ■ *In only 30 years the growing works of Tennessee Gas have built bonds of more than 30 billion... has provided the nation's leading transporter of natural gas... and a major provider of oil and chemicals with broadly diversified interests. We are charting continued growth in these things.*



## **TENNESSEE GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY**

FROM NATURAL GAS AND OIL... HEAT, POWER, PETROCHEMICALS THAT MEAN EVERYWHERE SERVICE TO MAN

HEADQUARTERS: HOUSTON, TEXAS • DIVISION: TENNESSEE GAS PIPELINE COMPANY • SUBSIDIARIES: MIDWESTERN GAS TRANSMISSION COMPANY • EAST TENNESSEE NATURAL GAS COMPANY • TENNECO CORPORATION • TENNECO OIL COMPANY • TENNECO CHEMICAL COMPANY • HEYDEN NEWPORT CHEMICAL CORPORATION • TENNESSEE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • AFFILIATE: PETHO-TEK CHEMICAL CORPORATION

## PEOPLE

To the glass of fashion, it was indeed the mold of form; When **Amanda Jay** ("Ba") Mortimer, 20, pacesetting daughter of Best-Dressed Mrs. William S. Paley and Manhattan Socialite Stanley Mortimer, married Law Student Shirley Carter Burden Jr., 22, on Long Island. Women's Wear Daily styled it in advance as "the wedding of the year." Ba wore white organza by Mainbocher; Ma, coral plaid taffeta by Dior. But it was more than that, and the reception at the estate of CBS Chairman Paley proved a crossroads of several worlds: Mr. and Mrs. Winston Guest, Actress Lauren Bacall, Mr. Kenneth (the hairdresser), Columnist Joseph Alsop, Publisher John Hay Whitney, Hollywood's Mike Romanoff, and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who flew in from London to be one of 19 ushers. Said Paley when the affair was over: "I wish we had a wedding every week. What are we going to do next week?"

*Hello muddah, hello faddah,  
Here I am in old Vancouver.  
And some B.C. beats are swinging.  
They are picketing the nightclub where  
I'm singing.  
With them long beards, strumming  
guitars.  
Sounding like a bunch of cheetahs.  
They say funny folk songs all stink.  
Waving placards, "Allan Sherman is  
a folk fink."  
Now I ask you, Joanie Baez,  
Pete Seeger, Burlie Ives,  
Won't you come and buy my tickets?  
Who is phony? Is it me or is it just  
the pickets?*

"All I want is for everyone to let me be a normal girl again," said Picaadolly **Christine Keeler**, 22, last December as she marched off to London's Holloway Prison to serve nine months for perjury in the trial of one of her lovers, Aloysius ("Lucky") Gordon. But six months of playing Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl, making blouses in prison, have given the past mistress of art photography notions of graduating to Vistavision. Out of quod last week, three months early for "good behavior," Christine announced: "I'd like to go into films. I know I've no experience, but I've got to begin somewhere."

He was engaged to marry pretty Olympic Skier **Barbi Henneberger** when she was killed in the April 12 Alpine avalanche that also took the life of U.S. Downhill Ace Bud Werner. And the memory of that tragic day is not growing any dimmer for **Willy Bogner Jr.**, 22, son of the Bavarian stretch-pants manufacturer and a fledgling moviemaker. He has been indicted by a Swiss state prosecutor for homicidal negligence in Barbi's and Werner's



THE PALEYS & BRIDE & GROOM  
Organza by Mainbocher.

deaths. Such cases usually receive light sentences, but, for the sake of assigning responsibility, the state expects to prove that in his eagerness to complete a documentary in which the two skiers were starring, young Bogner, as producer of the film, ignored government notices and broadcasts warning of dangerous conditions.

When Soviet Cosmonette **Valentina Tereshkova**, 27, first woman to orbit the earth, married fellow Cosmonaut **Andrian Nikolayev**, 34, last November, a beaming Khrushchev told the couple, "If you have a baby, the gifts won't fail to come." Last week, the lobby of Moscow's Maternity Institute was filled with proud citizens bearing flowers and remembrances, as "Valya" presented her husband with the world's first cosmonipper, a 6 lb. 13 oz. Cæsarean-delivered

girl. Soviet doctors said she was a trifle premature, and they will be watching to see whether she suffers any ill effects from her parents' exposure (in 1962 and early 1963) to weightlessness and radiation. But for the moment, young Yelena Andrianovna seems to snooze as contentedly as any un-star-crossed child.

Long ago, when she was still the toast of Gay Paree, St. Louis's own Bird of Paradise, **Josephine Baker**, 58, fell in love with a 15th century château. She bought it, and turned it into a home for her eleven adopted children from Japan, Korea, Finland, Colombia, Venezuela, the Ivory Coast, Algeria and France. But crowds today do not flock to hear Josie as often as they used to; the debts at "Brotherhood Village" ran up until farmers would not even deliver milk, and the château, it seemed, would soon be put up for auction. Ah, *mes amis*, the heart of Paris is ever young and gay. Brigitte Bardot went on TV to plead for funds, and now an international committee headed by Biographer André Maurois has raised \$140,000 from around the world.

Ill lay: Singer **Kate Smith**, 55, in the Good Samaritan Hospital in West Palm Beach, Fla., with 25 stitches in her left arm after she fell in the shower (breaking the glass door) at the home of a friend with whom she has been staying since the death of longtime Manager Ted Collins; Los Angeles Dodger Pitcher **Johnny Podres**, 31, out of the line-up for at least a month to recover from an operation to remove a bone fragment in his pitching elbow; Sir **Robert Gordon Menzies**, 69, Australia's Prime Minister, at his home in Canberra with "a recurrence of an abdominal disorder" that forced him to cancel a visit to Israel; Patriarch **Athenagoras I**, 78, spiritual leader of the Orthodox Church, at his Istanbul apartments for "a complete rest" following his collapse while officiating at Ascension Eve ceremonies.

Must one really sit Vacation Camp Pioneer **Billy Butlin**, 64, farther up the table than, say, former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan? Well, never, since Butlin is now a knight, Sir Billy, while Mac is still (by choice) an 'umble commoner. That's the way it is after the Queen's annual birthday list honored another 2,000 loyal subjects of Her Most Britannic Majesty. Sir **Roger Makins**, 60, former Ambassador to the U.S., chairman of Britain's Atomic Energy Authority, was viscount; Road Racing Champion **Jimmy Clark**, 28, and Royal Ballet Choreographer **Robert Helpmann**, 55, have both been made Commanders of the Order of the British Empire; and one **William Aungier**, a London bus driver with 43 years' service, was awarded the British Empire Medal.



YELENA ANDRIANOVNA & PARENTS  
Flowers from Ivan.

## THE PRESS

### NEWSPAPERS

#### Carping about a Candidate

Until Governor Scranton's belated entry into the Republican presidential race last week, most U.S. newspapers correctly assumed that Barry Goldwater had the nomination sewed up. And most, large and small, didn't like it. Seldom has a presidential candidate—especially a potential Republican leader—evoked such dissatisfaction, dismay and wrath from the cartoonists and editorial writers of the U.S. press.

"It is shocking to realize," said the Denver Post, "that Goldwater's philosophy is now about to become the official political philosophy of Republicans all over the nation." The Post envisioned the consequences: "The repudiation and ultimate destruction of the Republican Party in the United States."

Other newspaper prophets projected much the same future. GOLDWATER'S WIN COULD DISMEMBER HIS PARTY, read the caption above an editorial in the Louisville Courier-Journal. California, predicted the Detroit News, "has all but assured the party of disaster in November." This conclusion was also drawn by the New York Times: Goldwater's nomination, said the Times, "would be a disaster not only for the Republicans but for all who believe that a vigorous two-party system is necessary to the political health of America."

**Difficult Office.** The Miami News abandoned hope: "With Senator Goldwater in command of the Republicans, the choice is between moving the country ahead with the Democrats or regressing with the Republicans." The liberal St. Louis Post-Dispatch banked on the possibility that Goldwater might prove too gamy for national consumption. "He arouses a certain degree of delirium among extreme conservatives," said the Post-Dispatch, "but there are not enough of them to win an election."

"If Goldwater is nominated," said the Chicago Sun-Times, "we predict that he will not carry more than two states—not necessarily Maine and Vermont." The Washington Star published a declaration of its own pride at having opposed well before California "a candidate so manifestly unsuited to the high and difficult office he seeks." Said the Nashville Tennessean: "What little identification with the 20th century the Republican Party has been able to achieve was shattered by the galloping hooves of Senator Goldwater's horseback program." Noting his victory in California, the New York Herald Tribune said: "We didn't want him to win. We don't pretend to be happy that he did. But we salute him for it."

The Trib was joined by the Los Angeles Times. Having urged its readers to spurn Goldwater in the California primary, the Times then bowed to the primary's unpalatable result: "The Times congratulates Goldwater, both for his victory and for the determination to rebuild a unified party. There is no place, now, for anger or abuse."

**Healthy Development.** Perhaps not. But anger and abuse were just about the only editorial commodities around. Papers that could look upon Goldwater with approval were in the minority. Leading it were the Wall Street Journal and the New York Daily News. "What, pray," asked the Journal, coming to Goldwater's defense, "is so antediluvian about saying that the pendulum . . . between individual freedom and State authority has swung too far to the latter? Plainly, it has." Said the Daily News: "Goldwater's victory in the convention next month would guarantee U.S. citizens a clearcut choice in November, as between conservative and liberal government. That is an option which American voters haven't had for a good many years and we think it's a highly healthy development."



EDITOR GREENE & PUBLISHER DAVIS  
"We will not embrace the civil rights bill."

#### Another Voice in Atlanta

If Atlanta's jointly owned dailies, the morning Constitution and the evening Journal, were to go out of business tomorrow, their disappearance would gladden the heart of many a Georgian. But none would rejoice more than James C. Davis, 69. After 16 years in the U.S. House of Representatives, Davis was defeated for re-election in 1962 in a campaign that drew enthusiastic participation from both the Journal and Constitution. Lacking the power to order his tormentors into silence, ex-Congressman Davis last week did the next best thing. He founded an opposition daily, the Atlanta Times.

These days it takes a generous supply of gumption and money to launch a daily in the face of established opposition. The last time anyone had the nerve to try was in Phoenix, Ariz., where after two years, the upstart competitors have yet to find their place. But Atlanta's new paper looked uncommonly hale for a journalistic juvenile. The Times's 128-page debut issue thumped on 175,000 doorsteps, a neatly balanced, eye-pleasing display of big pictures and ample white space to break up the body type. The paper's management claimed a solid circulation, after the souvenir hunters dropped out, of 140,000. The starting bankroll was impressively large: \$3,000,000 raised by a public stock issue to which some 41,000 investors, all Georgians, subscribed.

Such backing certainly suggests that the paper has plenty of well-wishers, and it is just this point that Publisher Davis means to prove.

**Central Weakness.** In the opinion of many Georgians, the Journal and the Constitution are a disgrace to all red-blooded white Southerners. Roy V. Harris, a rallier of the state's racists, usually refers to the Constitution's publisher as "Rastus" Ralph McGill. While in office, Congressman Davis frequently castigat-

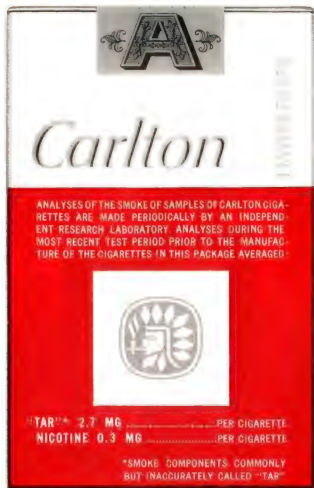


"IMAGINE! ME IN THE MAINSTREAM"



"ALL ABOARD WHO'S COMING ABOARD!"

Then who would back the candidate?



Test results on the pack.

This is Carlton, the unusual new cigarette from The American Tobacco Company. Everything about Carlton is selected and crafted to produce this one result: (A cigarette that is low in "tar" and nicotine—yet high in smoking pleasure.) Carlton is so low in "tar" and nicotine we print test results on all packs, on all cartons. Give Carlton the time it takes you to smoke a carton. See for yourself.



Air Vents  
in the  
filter

Carlton—the first cigarette to combine distinctive blend, high porosity paper, and a new flavor enriching filter with activated charcoal and "Precision Air Vents."

*Product of The American Tobacco Company*



ed the papers from the House floor. "The mud throwing of this collection of little peewees," he said in 1961, "amounts to about as much as a flock of grassbirds in a fence corner chattering at an eagle."

As measured by some familiar Dixie standards, Atlanta's two existing dailies have earned such opprobrium. Both are liberal in outlook, and have long held that it is morally wrong to discriminate on the basis of race. The Constitution was one of the first and is still one of the few Southern papers to accept the 1954 U.S. Supreme Court decision on public school integration. Both papers continue to champion the role of reason. Only last month Constitution Editor Eugene Patterson argued that "the central weakness of the old Southern segregationist position" is its effort "to justify wrong instead of trying to rectify it."

**Expected Tolerance.** It was this sort of talk that started James Davis on his campaign to vary Atlanta's newspaper conversation. He found some willing segregationist cohorts, among them Roscoe Pickett, who is now Georgia's Republican national committeeman, and Lester Maddox, proprietor of an Atlanta fried-chicken joint called the Pickrick. From the Journal, Davis and company lured Associate Editor Luke Greene, who had served 24 years on that paper without ever quite approving its editorial approach. "I have always been a conservative," said Greene, who was appointed Times editor.

The Times has pointedly avoided direct declarations of policy on the race issue. "We are not setting out to be any sort of extremist newspaper or trying to do anything that would create turmoil," said Editor Greene. "But I don't think we will go along with a lot of the tactics of the integration newspapers. It can be assumed we will not embrace the civil rights bill." The Times promised "to be conservative—responsibly so. We will be independent, free of any party affiliation, and seek at all times to reach decisions that embody character, discretion and sound judgment."

**No Reason for Mixing.** At the Journal and Constitution, the birth of the Times was greeted, strangely enough, with total silence. Neither paper printed a line, as if they considered the newcomer beneath notice. "We've got our newspapers and they've got their newspaper," said Bill Ray, executive editor of both the Journal and the Constitution. "And I don't see any reason for mixing them up."

Perhaps Atlanta's old dailies could afford to be lofty, with their circulations at a new high: 203,000 for the Journal, 258,000 for the Constitution. They were figures, however, on which Atlanta's new publishers had very definite designs of their own.

\* *Proba melanotos*, commonly known as the meadow snipe. Davis' colloquialism salutes the bird's tendency, when alarmed, to take refuge in tall grass.

## PUBLISHERS

### Larger Than Death

He spoke with neither resignation nor despair. But there was pride in a long lifetime of accomplishment, and his voice rang with the dauntless curiosity of an old man facing the diminishing future. "This is my final word," said William Maxwell Aitken, the first Baron Beaverbrook, at his 85th birthday party (TIME, June 5). It was, indeed, his valedictory. Last week at Cherkley, his gloomy Victorian estate in Surrey, the Beaver's heart, which had endured so long despite bouts with asthma, sciatica and gout, finally failed.

From longtime admirers and antagonists tributes flowed in for the man who



SUTHERLAND'S BEAVERBROOK  
Faith was a battle flag.

put a unique and inextinguishable stamp on British history. "I am deeply grieved at the loss of my oldest and closest friend," said Winston Churchill. "The Daily Telegraph," said that paper, "found itself on the opposite side of almost every major argument in which he and his newspapers engaged. But there was never any disputing the deep impact which he had upon his times." Wrote the Times: "He was that increasingly rare phenomenon in a standardized age, a personality quite uncramped by convention or inhibition."

**Dragooning a Voice.** "Journalism is the most fascinating of all professions," Beaverbrook once wrote, "and if I had my time over again, I would give my whole life to it." But nearly half his life lay behind him when he bought the London Daily Express in 1916, not to turn journalist but to dragoon a public voice for his political ambitions. The self-made Canadian multimillionaire aspired to nothing less for himself than a tenancy at No. 10 Downing Street, nothing less for England than perpetuation of the British Empire. Both dreams went glimmering. He could take a strong hand in changing British governments,

and did three times, but he never headed one himself. He could thunder the cause of Empire in the pages of the Express, but the cause was doomed.

There were compensating rewards. The Express, a pale failure when Beaverbrook bought it, grew under his kinetic stewardship into a popular giant of 4,300,000 circulation; its pages provided all Fleet Street with daily lessons in the craft of journalism. When World War II began, Britain's Finest Hour was also his: as Churchill's Minister of Aircraft Production, he put up the cloud of Spitfires that saved the day. These and other accomplishments invested him with the quality of living legend. "Positive, bee," wrote a columnist in a Canadian paper, "comparative, Beaver: superlative, Beaverbrook." Sir Beverley Buxter, M.P. and once an Express managing editor, called him a cross "between a magician and an avalanche."

**No Cease-Fire.** Neither praise nor censure concerned the Beaver much. "Fire and be damned! That's what I believe," he told a recent visitor. It was an article of his faith, one that he carried like a battle pennant every foot of the way that led from the Presbyterian minister's manse in Newcastle, New Brunswick, where he spent his youth. Conscious of his place in Britain's history, he wrote a dozen reminiscent books as an obligation to posterity, and had two more in progress when he died. "I belong to the past," he had said recently.

But he could not bring himself to cease firing. And, like the activist he was, he overruled three times his self-announced retirement—the first time in 1927—and stayed on as master of the Express to the end. "My son," said Beaverbrook recently, "will do better after I am gone."

**How to Capture a Press Lord.** Son Max Jr., 54, will have his hands full, even though the four papers he inherited are carefully insulated from Britain's crippling death duties by a private trust set up years ago. "It won't make any difference to the papers," said their new proprietor of his father's death. "They will continue with the same policies. I will be at the head of them." Then he added that he was renouncing the crest that would otherwise have passed to him on his father's death. "The title was earned and won by my father," he said. "Certainly in my lifetime there will be only one Lord Beaverbrook."

It was, in a way, the same sort of solution chosen by Artist Graham Sutherland when the Beaver commissioned a portrait ten years ago. How to capture the essence of the intransigent press lord? Sutherland finally settled for painting his subject just as the Beaver's friends and enemies had seen him: a little larger than life size.

\* Besides the Daily Express, they include the Sunday Express, which is a separate paper, the London Evening Standard and the Glasgow Evening Citizen.



## "WHY DIDN'T WE CALL HIM DADDY SAM?"

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# SHOW BUSINESS

## BROADWAY

### Gilroy Is Here

For too long, it was more than a little disturbing that Edward Albee was the only new, young, serious dramatic voice on Broadway. But now another one, considerably lower and more firmly pitched, is being heard. The play is



PLAYWRIGHT GILROY  
Pulling burlap to threads.

called *The Subject Was Roses*. And the playwright, Frank D. Gilroy, has developed his skills so thoroughly that his presence seems obviously durable.

He is a writer of remarkable finesse, for in outlining his play is plotless and drab. The only son of a Bronx couple comes home from World War II, and with eyes of new maturity recognizes that although his parents love him, he has no home at all, since their marriage has long been an unsuitable alternative to death. But Gilroy's plain, familiar triangle rings with insight and trenchancy. His people live. His ear is as good as Harold Pinter's and, like Pinter, he can put two or three people in a room, start them talking and sustain long successions of commonplaces that never subside in their fascination. Pulling all this burlap to threads, he reweaves it into a fabric that is still coarse but made to last.

**Concrete Characters.** Sharply handsome, touched with grey at the temples, neatly dressed, educated in the Ivy League and trained in television, Gilroy must trouble the sight of all the pale poets who feel that wine, whiskers and Paris are the only stimulants of art. He works in a little \$30-a-month office on the main street of Coshen, near his home in Orange County, N.Y., where he lives with his wife and three sons. He looks out his office window over a Civil War statue and creates dramatic

characters that are no less concrete but nonetheless alive. Some people tell him that his meticulous realism is about that far behind the progress of modern playwrighting.

"I haven't set out to reverse any trends," he answers. "The stories I have told so far tell best in a realistic way. I have nothing against the avant-garde. I feel little tendencies in myself bubbling in that direction. I thought I had darned well better be able to present living persons on the stage before I tried to distill and abstract them."

His new play, he says, "is frankly autobiographical." The father (played by Jack Albertson, a vaudeville comic who had never before done a serious dramatic role and whose stunningly right performance is worth a visit in itself) is a coffee importer. Gilroy's father, now dead, was a coffee importer and one of the best tasters in the business. As a youngster, Gilroy used to go down to Front Street and watch his father tasting coffee, noting how all the phonies present would form their own opinions from his father's grunts and grimaces.

**Margin Time.** The family lived in a Bronx apartment house, where "we were often the only Gentiles." Frank went to De Witt Clinton High School on the 12:30-to-5 p.m. shift, did no work, barely got through, and had no intention of going to college. He was drafted into the Army in 1943, where he noticed that "the people who had the best jobs were people who had been to college." This sparked in him a sudden passion for higher learning. After the war, he applied to 40 colleges, asking them to gamble on him despite his high school record. All but two rejected him. Davis and Elkins College of Elkins, W. Va., was willing to admit him—and so was Dartmouth. He went to Dartmouth and graduated *magna cum laude*.

For unheeded writers, television is the modern garret. They starve there, but only spiritually. Young playwrights dip their fingers into its honey pots; then, if they have substantial spines, they retreat for desperate months of "margin time," writing their "own work" until money is needed again. After Dartmouth and a year at the Yale School of Drama, Gilroy made what he describes as "an all-out total assault on TV." He conquered. He has been all over the channels from *Studio One* to the *Kraft Theater*. With some movie work as well, he eventually had enough excess cash to take time off in 1957 to write *Who'll Save the Playboys?* for off-Broadway production, an award-winning somber tale of a life saved in combat only to rot in peace.

**Building Terms.** *The Subject Was Roses* has a somewhat uncertain future. It opened three weeks ago to clamorous raves. Gilroy was welcomed as "a ma-

jor playwright." Walter Kerr said it is "quite the most interesting new American play to be offered on Broadway this season." Yet it is playing to audiences that could fit into a few lifeboats. Broadway cries out for excellence, but often sinks it when it comes along.

Curiously, however, the play may well build to a long and financially successful run. With just one modest set and three actors, it can break even merely by taking in \$12,000 a week, or 27% of the theater's capacity. It is not grossing even that much yet, but its audience—which began with a pittance advance sale of \$165—is promisingly growing. Broadway pros would have folded it, but Gilroy and his novice producer, Edgar Lansbury, are determined to take the gamble that the play will more than recover its present losses. "All these Broadway experts would like to write us off as an artistic success only," Gilroy says. "I want to be able to talk to them on their terms."



SINGER VARTAN  
Changing the avenue.

## SINGERS

### Cabbage Number One

Once upon the Champs-Élysées, every girl had bee-stung lips and hips, and hair that could tumble into a pavilion of sex. With a kind of languorous femininity, all those women looked like the perfect tense of the verb *avoir*. The storied avenue might as well have been called the Rue Bardot.

Now it is the Rue Yé-Yé. The versatile Parisiennes have changed. Three looks parade where one held dominance before, since the new female icons of France are three competitive teen-aged rock-'n'-roll singers whose fans scream the French transliteration of "yeah, yeah" at them whenever they sing. One called Sheila wears bows in her hair and is imitated by women who really see themselves as hoydens undemolished. Another, Françoise, is long and lissome, with a long mane, long shanks, and good possibilities in the

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sixth at Longchamps. But all the Humbert Humberts, three-quarters of the lucky Pierres, and half the women of France reserve their special attention for 19-year-old Sylvie Vartan, a beautiful blonde in the rinsed and leggy French tradition, with a mouth like a tulip and the look of a middle-aged child. She is their *Chouchou Numéro Un*.

**Gas & Johnny.** Cabbage No. 1 is actually Bulgarian. She arrived in France at eight. Her brother was an arranger for RCA Victor in Paris when, four years ago, he arranged for his little sister to cut a record called *Panne d'Es-sence*, an adaptation of the American rock-'n'-roll song *Out of Gas*.

Since then she has sold millions of records, singing rock-'n'-roll with suitably dreadful turgidity and ballads with a rather lovely, sultry small voice. She made numerous concert tours with Johnny Hallyday, the French Presley, then became engaged to him, and now lives in his eight-room Paris apartment. The French army recently drafted Zihonie and took him away. Now, all she has at home is her cocker spaniel, Molière.

**Saving Fox.** People throw old fruit at her sometimes when she sings, for French rock-'n'-roll crowds come in two forms, the idolaters, who are mad insane, and the snarlers, who are mad angry. "They hate us, they really despise us," says Sylvie. "They hate the way we sing, but mainly they can't accept the fact that young people are big successes. They are nasty. They organize leagues. It's terrible."

Sylvie Vartan's escape flue is already open. She is making a movie for 20th Century-Fox, an adaptation of Marcel Achard's *Patate*, with Jean Murais and Danielle Darrieux. The chances are that she will make it as an actress. And with her considerable grace and nicely mannered charm, there should be no doubt that she will be lending style to the women of the Champs-Élysées for much time to come.

## TV

### Pooling, Cronking & Brinking

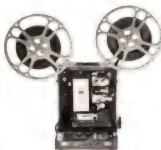
The "numbers game" system of covering elections, in which networks vied with each other to see who could hire the most pool watchers, reached an apogee of absurdity in the California primary. In small precincts, three "reporters" often found themselves struggling to see over the shoulder of one kind old lady counting votes. It was too silly and needlessly expensive. Last week the three networks and the wire services agreed to set up a joint Network Election Service that will divide the chores, pool the results, and present the same vote count to a viewer no matter what channel he is watching.

Numbers are only numbers, but analysis is war, and there will still be plenty of competition with the networks still cronking, brinking, and computing at one another in 16-in. cannon tones.

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## YACHTING

### Giving Them the Bird

As of now, the *Eagle* screams.

In the first week of America's Cup trials on Long Island Sound, the *Aurora* Syndicate's brand-new *American Eagle* sailed off across the starting line seven times—and seven times came home victorious. It was all just practice as far as the New York Yacht Club was concerned. The boat that will defend the 113-year-old America's Cup against Britain's *Sovereign* or *Kurrewa V* will not be picked until after the final trials off Newport in August. But in the meantime, *American Eagle* was doing a pretty good job of "selecting" herself. In the New York Yacht Club's annual spring regatta, she whipped both *Columbia* and *Constellation*, the other highly touted new twelve. Then, in head-to-head races, she beat them both again and took two straight from Ted Hood's *Nefertiti*. Finally, to top off her week, she really rubbed it in against *Constellation*—by the embarrassing margin of 5 min. 31 sec.

**Strong & Straight.** Blue-water yachtsmen had expected *Eagle* to be good—but not that good that soon. *Eagle* was only 18 days old when she won her first race. Her architect, A. E. ("Bill") Luders, 55, had never designed a 12-meter racing yacht before. Her skipper, William Cox, 51, was supposed to be a small-boat sailor at heart, had not handled a twelve in 27 years. And her young crew was so nervous that when they tried to set a spinnaker, they dropped the pole bang onto *Eagle's* deck.

But all that seemed academic once *Eagle* started racing. Aiming for an all-weather boat, Designer Luders had purposely given *Eagle* a low center of gravity to make her point higher in high winds, a shortened keel to lessen drag in light air. In gusty, 15-knot breezes, she stood straight as a shark's fin; and she ghosted gently through pockets of virtual calm, finding momentum where none seemed possible. In all of the seven races, Skipper Cox outmaneuvered his

rivals at the start, pouring backward into their sails and slipping out in front. And when it came to tacking duels, he and his crew strutted some impressive stuff. In one contest, on the second day of the trials, *Constellation* tacked 17 times in 20 minutes. *Eagle* covered so efficiently that she gained an average of 2 sec. on each tack.

**Don't Blame the Boat.** The other boats were still far from disgraced. *Columbia*, gem of the 1958 America's Cup but badly outclassed in the 1962 trials, regained enough of her glitter under New Skipper Walter Podolak to beat *Nefertiti* and *Constellation*—the Californian's first victories in America's Cup competition. *Constellation* herself, with a record of two victories and five defeats, was still in the running. The only real disappointment was Ted Hood's *Nefertiti*. Glamour boat of the 1962 trials, the beamy Marblehead yacht got all the way to the finals before losing out to *Weatherly*, and many experts felt that *Nefertiti* was the better boat, credited *Weatherly's* victory mostly to the remarkable helmsmanship of Skipper Bus Moshbacher.

This spring, Designer Hood shaved *Nefertiti's* keel to get more speed in light air, and he was a mite discouraged by his boat's record of four losses, only one victory. "It's too early to start blaming the boat," he insisted. "Our tactics need sharpening. Twice in a row, we overstood the windward marks. Several times we used the wrong spinnakers. We're just making mistakes."

*American Eagle's* rivals hope it will be a different story in the next series of trials in July. A dour Connecticut Yankee who started racing "dog boats" off Martha's Vineyard when he was twelve, Bill Cox is an old hand at judging tides and winds in protected waters, knows Long Island Sound as well as his own bathtub. He will lose that advantage when the twelves move to wide-open Rhode Island Sound. There, 6-ft.

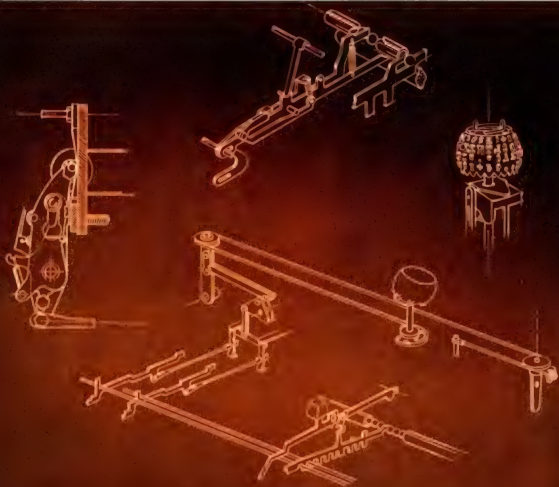
swells are common, and the boats sometimes race in 40-knot winds. But if he was worried, Cox did not show it. "The boat is great," he said. "This crew is the best any 12-meter ever had."

## GOLF

### No Substitute for Swinging

If there is anything Tony Lema likes better than champagne, it is money—understandable, considering the price of champagne. Unfortunately, he has not yet found a way of making money without working, which for Tony means playing golf. Not that he hasn't tried: last year's No. 4 money winner (with \$67,112) took five weeks of vacation this spring, spent most of it lying around the house, contemplating ways to get rich quicker. All that happened was that his golf game went to pot. But last week Tony finally staggered home \$20,000 to the good in New York's Thunderbird Classic and made a solemn resolution. From now on, when Lema hears that Arnie Palmer or Jack Nicklaus is taking a week off to rest up for some big tournament like this week's U.S. Open, he will grit his teeth and swing away. Exercise, not rest, is Champagne Tony's new prescription for success.

**In Among the Pines.** At that, he almost didn't make it in the Thunderbird. With 15 holes to go, Lema was 12 under par, seven strokes ahead of burly Mike Souchak. A sudden thundershower made the pros dive for their umbrellas—and almost literally Tony landed on his nose. He lost a stroke at the sixth hole, another at the eighth, two more on the 480-yd. ninth when he bombed his drive under the branches of a low-hanging pine tree (see cut) and barely managed to salvage a bogey. ("I just crawled in there on my hands and knees, said a quick prayer, and back-handed the ball," said Tony.) But the real disaster occurred at the 14th hole, a dinky (139 yds.) par three. Tony's No. 8 iron landed off the green; a chip and three putts later, he found himself trailing Souchak by a stroke. Lema



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## 15th century mother: 20th century child.

● The small world into which this mother was born might well have been the world Magellan knew. For time had little changed the Portuguese town of Sever do Vouga in which she lives.

Its people still scratched a meager living from the soil, lived, toiled, died in the bondage of old ways, old superstitions.

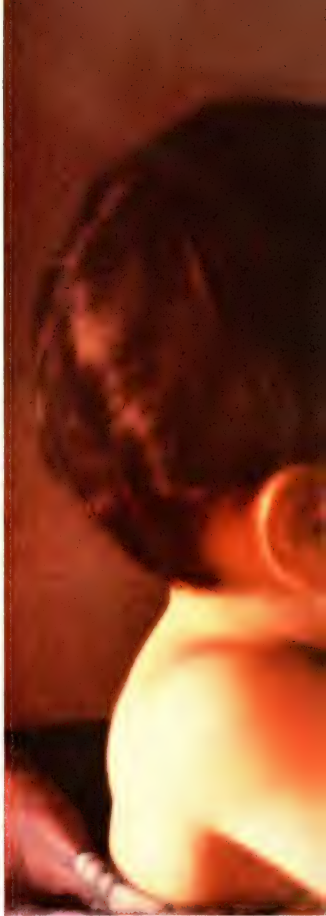
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THE NEW YORK TIMES



LEMA & TREE ON THE NINTH

*A quick prayer and a backhand.*

actually seemed relieved. "That took the pressure off," he said later. "I had been leading for so long that I was choking to death." He then birdied the par-four 17th to square the match.

It was still raining by the time the players reached the 18th green. Huddled under an umbrella, Lema watched Souchak line up a 25-ft. birdie putt—and push it 4 ft. past the hole. Tony's approach was 8 ft. from the pin. For nearly a minute he stood motionlessly over the ball, putter poised—and abruptly walked away. "I couldn't bring the club back," he said. "I stood there, looking at that thing, thinking, My God, this is a \$20,000 putt—and I just couldn't hit it." Finally, Tony addressed the ball again. And this time he punched it squarely into the center of the cup for the winning birdie.

**Bring on the Bubbly.** The Thunderbird victory was Lema's first since January, and tripled his year's official winnings to \$31,684—not quite the \$49,006 he had last year at this time, but still worth a bubble or two. Within minutes, waiters were wheeling case after case of Moët et Chandon champagne

into the press headquarters. At week's end, once again at the top of his game, Lema knocked in six straight birdies in Michigan's Buick Open, had a two-stroke lead at the end of 54 holes, and started dreaming about the blast he will throw if he wins the U.S. Open. "Champagne won't be enough," he said. "I win that and I'll spring for the hors d'oeuvres too."

## PRIZEFIGHTING

### Anything Goes

The heavyweights are everybody's heroes, with their tomato-red Cadillacs and gold-lamé sport coats; their 18-in. biceps and sledge-hammer fists. When they fight, the whole world watches. So what happens? One punch, and it's goodbye Charley, let's do this again next year. It doesn't even seem to matter where the punch lands: Cassius Clay taps Sonny Liston on the arm, and Sonny takes the pipe-sitting on his stool.

**Humbug.** For old-fashioned prizefighting, nothing beats the welterweights. Take Emile Griffith and Luis Rodriguez, both 146 lbs., soaking wet. Griffith, a soft-spoken Virgin Islander, makes ladies' hats; Rodriguez, a Cuban refugee, sings Yiddish songs in nightclubs. But when they meet in the ring, as they did for the fourth time in Las Vegas last week, anything goes.

Rarely have two fighters been so evenly matched. Twice before, they had traded the welterweight title on controversial decisions, one of them split; and in 40 rounds neither had been able to knock the other down. But they insisted that things were going to be different this time. "I am the matador," boasted Challenger Rodriguez, 26, "and I will kill the black bull." That brought accusations of race-raking, to which Rodriguez retorted: "I should call him maybe the blue bull?" Champion Griffith, 25, shrugged it off: "I'll knock him out in five."

Both should have known better. For 15 frantic rounds, Griffith and Rodriguez pummeled, wrestled, gouged and butted each other—amid bloodcurdling screams from Griffith's mother, who was sitting at ringside. In the third round, Referee Harry Krause penalized Rodriguez for punching below the belt, and Rodriguez' manager, Angelo Dundee, chased Krause clear across the ring. "What are you doing, Harry?" he yelled. "Remember the other guy is fouling, too!" How could he forget? In the clinches, Griffith raked Rodriguez' face with the laces of his glove, Luis retaliated by throwing uppercuts with the top of his head. Three times the two fighters kept slugging after the bell.

Referee Krause scored it 69-67 for Griffith; Judge David Zenoff had it 71-70 Rodriguez; Judge John Romero 70-68 Griffith. By the narrowest of split decisions, Griffith had kept his crown. Said Luis: "If I can't win this title back, I'll just have to win the middleweight championship instead."

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# MODERN LIVING

## FASHION

### On the Beaten Track

Having already surrendered their long black tights to suburban housewives, seen their hurlap skirts turn up as dormitory curtains, their madras shirts as bedspreads, and their turtle-neck sweaters on Sean O'Casey, far-out females from coast to coast stood dismally by while the squares got beat and left them, pad-ridden, behind. Common zens told them to cling fast lest sandals, too, go the way of guitars, but too late. Before anyone could say "Cool it, dad," high fashion had taken over.

Sandals, of course, are nothing new. Alexander the Great wouldn't have been caught dead without them, and Julius Caesar wasn't. But only in recent A.D. days have they become something more than what to wear in the shower, at the beach, at home alone, or on a tour through alien lands whence the news will not get back. Gradually, as America discovered its special fashion nook, a knack for the sporting look, sandals began to be everywhere, and everywhere pretty much proper.

However, there are sandals and there are sandals. In Manhattan, Greenwich Village's cowhide standard will still raise eyebrows north of 59th Street; only on very special feet will they get by a doorman with class or a headwaiter with vision. But the introduction of the spaghetti strap and the low, more graceful heel has turned a little item into big business, earned fashion's acclaim and the blessings of women everywhere who have spent all the summers of their lives struggling into nylon stockings and old-style, cover-up pumps—all for the sticky sake of decency.



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ARCHITECT CALLISTER

The credit is mostly Chanel's. The closed-toe, sling-back shoe shown with her Paris collection several seasons ago swept the Continental set off their cramped feet; slow to cross the sea, the shoe was introduced to the U.S. only last fall by Designer Herbert Levine, was instantly copied in every color in real and ersatz fabrics from Monterey to Montauk Point. Strictly speaking not a sandal except to the industry, the Chanel model spurred what Stylist David Evans calls "the less-shoe look," was such a staggering success on the market that even barer versions seemed worth a try.

They were. Today, at the beginning of sports shoes' hot season, sandals are hottest of all, far more popular than ever before. In any of a hundred shapes, whether exquisite and chic or plain and substantial, wrought with precision by careful hand or knocked out en masse by machine, littered with "jewels" at a cost in the neighborhood of \$150 or woven of raffia for \$2.99, sandals are increasingly the newest, the nicest and the niftiest way to step out in style. The squares? Swinging. The beats? Beaten.

EVANS

## DESIGN

### Good Partnership

To merchant builders, who buy land by the tract and sow it with houses, architecture is usually something to do without. Architects, they feel, are too prone to run up costs with perfectionists' details, and too preoccupied with niceties that are wasted on development customers, who don't care much what a house looks like so long as there are plenty of appliances in the kitchen.

A notable breakthrough has been made in this architect-builder standoff, and made by one of the top builders in the U.S.—California's Ross William Cortese, who is discovering that architecture is not only selling his buildings but cutting his costs.

**Privacy & Chats.** Builder Cortese (rhymes with daisy) specializes in retirement housing. When he was cranking up for his third retirement community—at Walnut Creek in the San Francisco Bay area—he decided to give an architect a crack at it. The result has made \$250 million Walnut Creek, now abuilding, one of the most talked-about developments in the U.S.

The architect Cortese picked for his experiment was the West Coast's well-known Warren Callister. "We've been selling everything else in these retirement projects," he told him. "Now we want to try selling architecture."

Callister delivered it. Walnut Creek's roofs lift the eye, its patios are big enough to let the sun in, instead of being the penumbral little fakes so beloved of corner-cutting contractors. And there is no scamping of the invisible details. Air-conditioning ducts are oversized to



eliminate duct noise, water pipes are oversized to eliminate water moaning, walls and ceilings are fully insulated, and almost every partition is a floor-to-ceiling storage wall. Doorways are 36 in. wide to permit easy passage of wheelchairs, wall plugs are 2 ft. off the floor to minimize stooping, light switches are at fingertip height, about 30 in. off the floor for effortless flipping by an arthritic arm.

More subtle is the Callister-Cortese planning for easy sociability. Gardens are planted around the laundry rooms, for example, so that women with no clothes to wash may still have an excuse to sit in the lounge, enjoying the view and a chat. Walkways are planned with many corners for accidental meetings, and there is a gazebo, where free coffee and tea are served. "People want some privacy but not all the time," says Callister. "They want action and legitimate excuses to meet each other—so we have all these clubhouses and courtyards and meeting rooms."

**More Excitement Ahead.** Having taken a chance on architecture, Cortese was pleased to discover that he had more than he had bargained for. "Callister helped us get lower costs than we could have got without him," says the project manager.

Callister sees the future of architecture in developments. "I don't think people are going to buy the old-fashioned homesteads any more," he says. "They're going to buy the projects that provide the greatest excitement, activity and adventure. When architecture provides that, it lives."

## HAZARDS

### He Who Steals My Purse Steals My Credit Cards

"I have a champagne taste but no funds to support it," the 17-year-old girl explained to New York police. With credit cards belonging to Actress Carol Lawrence, she rented a car, bought clothes, perfume and records, was about to fly off to Miami, before she was stopped.

Loser Lawrence was no isolated victim. Of the 70 million credit cards in circulation in the U.S., no fewer than 1,500,000 are lost each year, and of these 600,000 have been stolen. Illicit charges run up on a stolen card are estimated to average \$500. And stealing credit cards is an increasingly popular crime; dollar losses from their misuse increased eightfold from 1958 (\$266,850) to 1962 (\$1,915,000).

Most major credit-card companies grudgingly absorb these losses themselves. But to protect holders against laws making cardholders liable for charges until their loss has been reported, a St. Louis company called Saf-Card Inc. has announced a plan by which, for \$20 annually, Saf-Card will indemnify the holder for up to \$10,000 in purchases run up on a card by champagne spenders with mickey finn morals.



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## THE LAW

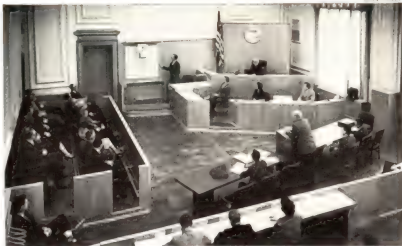
### CRIMINAL JUSTICE

#### A Dearth of Defenders

To a television viewer sated with Perry Mason, Sam Benedict, Defenders and assorted colleagues, the supply of first-rate criminal lawyers may appear plentiful enough. But outside the range of the TV camera, the breed is in danger of dying out. Such noble concepts as "right to counsel, fair trial, and due process" will become meaningless, warned New York State Chief Judge Charles S. Desmond last week, unless more lawyers are willing to represent criminal defendants. Addressing Boston University's graduating law class, he called on law schools to stop pointing students "at the two admired goals of Wall Street law practice and clerkships to appellate judges." He urged that the schools instead expand their criminal courses and Legal Aid activities to give "students at least a smell of real criminal court work."

Judge Desmond's complaint is buttressed by some compelling testimony. In the current *Atlantic*, Chief Judge J. Edward Lumbard of the U.S. Court of Appeals in New York writes that in his busy jurisdiction bail bondsmen steer paying defendants to "a lawyer who will kick back to them a substantial part of the fee." Often this "lazy and incompetent" court hanger-on falsely claims that he can "fix someone" for a higher fee. Since he "seldom knows any law or reads any cases," his arguments in court are "so transparently hollow that it is not easy for most juries to sympathize with his client."

Actually, things can be better for the 60% of criminal defendants—up to 75% in New York City—who cannot afford a lawyer. In many cities, the indigent can rely on a growing public-defender system or on agencies like New York City's pioneering Legal Aid Society. Yet the city, paying less than half the society's costs, puts up only \$250,000 a year v. \$4,400,000 for the district attorney staffs that prosecute most of the society's clients. Indigents often fare even worse elsewhere, says



NEW-STYLE COURTROOM IN TACOMA  
Folding away the Murphy bed.

Lumbard. "The judge usually picks out some lawyer who happens to be in the courtroom," typically a novice just admitted to practice. "After a few minutes of conference, the defendant is advised to plead guilty, and he feels he has no choice but to do so. Everyone who participates in these proceedings knows that this is a farce."

To remedy the situation, Judge Lumbard would require criminal-trial training for admission to the bar. And he would try to keep lawyers interested in criminal cases by allowing them occasionally to prosecute as well as to defend—a long-admired practice that has helped keep many outstanding British barristers active in criminal law.

### THE COURTS

#### Room with a View

In many ways, the traditional U.S. courtroom seems only too well designed for blind justice. Jutting into the room like an oversize Murphy bed, the judge's bench often obstructs the view of jury members so much that they cannot see exhibits that lawyers show the judge. Equally bad, the jury has only a side view of the witness stand and cannot see the full-face expressions of witnesses under questioning. The judge is even worse off: only by craning his neck can he see anything but the back of a witness' head, and he must swivel a full 90° to catch jury-box dozers.

A drastically different design (see *ent*) is now being tested in a Tacoma, Wash., federal district court. Breaking with a pattern that dates back to the Middle Ages, Judge George Boldt, 60, moved his bench into a corner, put the witness stand in his old spot, stationed the jury box so that jurors can look directly at the witness, and gave the attorneys a lectern at which to stand while speaking and questioning witnesses.

After a thorough tryout, Judge Boldt pronounced his new courtroom "greatly

preferable" to the old design on a number of counts. Because the jury box and bench are far apart, he found that he could confer with attorneys off the record without having to dismiss the jury—a time-wasting maneuver in other courtrooms. He also noted a "calmness and ease" during trials because "everybody could see and hear without strain." He liked especially his more direct view of the witness stand ("I can practically take a head-on look") and his eye-line relation to the jury ("The judge can look from one juror to another, and each juror understands that he is being spoken to individually"). So many of Judge Boldt's colleagues are enthusiastic about his new courtroom that the General Services Administration, which bosses the construction of new Government buildings, is considering adopting the design for future federal district courts.

### STATUTES

#### No Right Not to Work

What do stubborn children, fortune-tellers, jugglers, gypsies, practitioners of *hoonannana* (Hawaiian black magic), sleight-of-hand artists, common fiddlers and persons who paint their faces have in common? Under the varying laws of the 50 states, they are all vagrants and punishable by fines of up to \$1,000 and two years in jail. Almost without exception, such charges would be laughed out of court. But vagrancy laws are so vague that they apply to a great many other people too—and when they are used, or when the police even try to put them to work, they are no laughing matter.

Vagrancy laws got their harsh nature in harsh times. After the Black Death decimated 14th century England, such a statute was enacted to keep workers from roaming about to take higher paying jobs and to require all able-bodied men to work. The notion that everyone should work appealed to the moralistic settlers of Colonial America who so



DESMOND



LUMBARD

Contradicting the TV image.



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preserved the duty-to-work concept that the ancient attitude still persists—anyone who is drifting about and refuses to work must be a criminal and should be locked up.

**Elastic Usos.** Such a presumption of guilt conflicts with modern U.S. legal concepts. Yet when a person is booked for vagrancy, it is, in effect, up to him to prove his innocence, and for the drunks and down-and-outers who suffer the great majority of vagrancy arrests, this can be difficult. Since vagrancy is regarded in all states as either a petty offense or misdemeanor, defendants are usually given no chance to consult a lawyer and prepare a defense. They are summarily tried by police courts and magistrates in procedures that often last only seconds.

In addition to bagging bums, police use vagrancy laws as catchalls with which to hold crime suspects during investigations, to keep tabs on illicit activities, to chase undesirables out of town, and to pester criminals on whom they have been unable to pin a rap. In general, the attitude is that the laws are there to use when no other law will serve. New Orleans uses vagrancy laws to jail gamblers. St. Louis police haul in prostitutes for vagrancy "just to let them know we have them under surveillance." In Philadelphia a man who insisted on making love to his wife three and four times a night was jailed for vagrancy because, as a social worker explained, "the magistrate couldn't think of anything else, and he couldn't leave him there with that poor girl." In Manhattan two weeks ago, Gambler Frank Costello was arrested for vagrancy while dining in a theater-district restaurant. Dinty Moore's, Costello's lawyer challenged the charge, and a judge quickly dismissed it after the arresting officer admitted that he had not heard anyone offer 73-year-old Costello a job and Costello refuse to take it.

**New Trend.** The ease with which Costello beat the rap shows the weakness of vagrancy laws. Yet precisely because the prosecution usually backs off so fast on such charges when the accused is prepared to fight, vagrancy laws are seldom tested in court, where they would almost certainly be ruled unconstitutional.

Do the police need such vague and questionable aid? Many jurists who oppose the vagrancy laws on principle, but have no desire to reduce police efficiency, point out that crime-conscious U.S. communities are only too willing to write strong new measures—such as New York's stop-and-frisk law (TIME, March 20)—to give police the powers they say they need.

Spearheading the drive to replace the old laws with sensible, precise new ones is the prestigious American Law Institute. Its new model penal code would permit police to arrest loiterers behaving in an alarming manner, but would make sure that the offender was arrested for what he did and not for what he was.

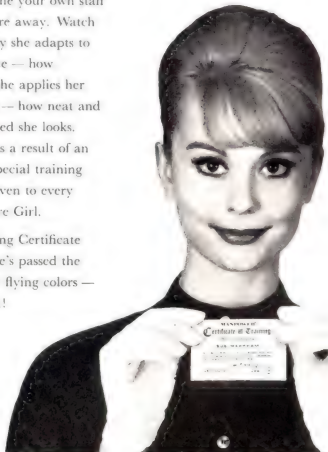
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## RELIGION

### WORSHIP

#### Johnson at the Altar Rail

On occasion, President Johnson has attended Sunday morning worship services at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Washington, where, like most of the congregation, he goes to the altar rail to receive Holy Communion. But Lyndon Johnson is not an Episcopalian (although his wife and daughters are), and a confirmation rubric of the book of Common Prayer states that "none be admitted to the Holy Communion until such time as he be confirmed, or he ready and desirous to be confirmed." Rev. Albert du Bois, executive director of the stiffly Anglo-Catholic American Church Union, questions whether Johnson is entitled to Communion.

Writing in the monthly *American Church News*, Canon du Bois admits that the President "is undoubtedly receiving Communion at Episcopal altars in good faith and in sincerity." Nonetheless, he argues that priests who have admitted non-Episcopalians to Communion make it difficult for the clergy, "who wish to maintain the church's law and discipline but who do not wish to make an issue of this at their altar rails." He suggests that the President ought to legalize things by presenting himself to a bishop for confirmation.

Theologically speaking, the Protestant Episcopal Church has always been a "closed Communion" faith, in contrast to the Disciples of Christ, to which Johnson belongs, and many other Protestant groups that welcome all baptized Christians to the altar. The Episcopal reasoning is that people should not receive the sacrament together if they do not agree on what it signifies. But observance of the confirmation rubric varies

widely from church to church, and two Lambeth Conferences of Anglican Bishops (1920 and 1930) have stated that it does not "necessarily apply." Only about two-thirds of the nation's 3,587,000 Episcopalians have gone through the ceremony of confirmation, in which they testify to their belief before a bishop and receive the laying on of hands. Few priests would ever refuse Communion to a stranger,\* although most churches will not allow unconfirmed members to assume lay offices.

In any case, Johnson is not likely to get turned away from many altar rails in Washington, traditionally an Episcopal diocese that favors open Communion. Bishop William Creighton says that "the President, of course, is welcome to receive Holy Communion in our churches."

### CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS

#### Her Growing Daughters

Next to a conclave of cardinals, probably the most secret religious assembly is the annual meeting of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist. Last week more than 7,000 of the faithful showed up in Boston to hear the yearly report on how their made-in-America faith is doing. Names and church standing were carefully checked before admission tickets were granted, and reporters of other faiths were barred from the four auditoriums where the proceedings were held.

The curbs help keep secret such statistics as membership figures, but they do not hide internal dissension: there is none. Christian Science is autocratically governed by a board of five directors with lifetime tenure who make all the major decisions for the church. Among them is the choice of Christian Science's president, who serves for a year as chief spokesman for the faith. The leader presented to this year's meeting was German-born Edward Froederman, a trustee of the church's Publishing Society, who gave up a vice-presidency of a Chicago bank 15 years ago to work as a fulltime practitioner of Mary Baker Eddy's healing doctrine.

Quickening. Mrs. Eddy passed on, as Christian Scientists put it, in 1910, but her spirit looms heavily over the church. Christian Science still affirms her central belief that evil—including physical illness—can be conquered through faith and understanding, although members are free to consult doctors if they want to, as Mrs. Eddy herself did. Along with the Bible, her major work, *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, is regarded as divine revelation, but there is never any

\* Unconfirmed children, at the now-popular family service, can approach the altar with their parents, cross their arms and receive the priest's blessing instead of the consecrated bread and wine.



CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST DOUGLASS

*Revelation without dispute.*

theological debate in the church about how it should be interpreted. Christian Scientists feel that there is no need to modernize her teachings, and, says Board Chairman Inman Douglass, "within the church organization there is no controversy on this point, no differing of opinion, no liberal and conservative wings. No, nothing like that."

Christian Science in the past has often seemed as sober and conservative as its best-known creation, the daily *Monitor* (circ. 190,000). Now there seems to be a measurable quickening of the church's missionary impulse, both at home and abroad. U.S. "branches" of the Mother Church total 2,449, up 106 in a decade, and foreign branches now number 819. Best outside guess at membership: 400,000. Forty new Christian Science clubs have been formed on U.S. college campuses.

Modernization. Lately, too, a number of relatively young members have taken over responsible positions in the church and tried to modernize its approach to evangelism. Among the signs of change: the \$700,000 Christian Science Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, a paperback edition of *Science and Health*. Says Harvard-trained Robert Peel, of the church's Committee on Publication: "Like many small groups, we started with a great deal of persecution and were put on the defensive. But as the movement has grown, Christian Science has begun to reach out to society as a whole."

### CHURCH & STATE

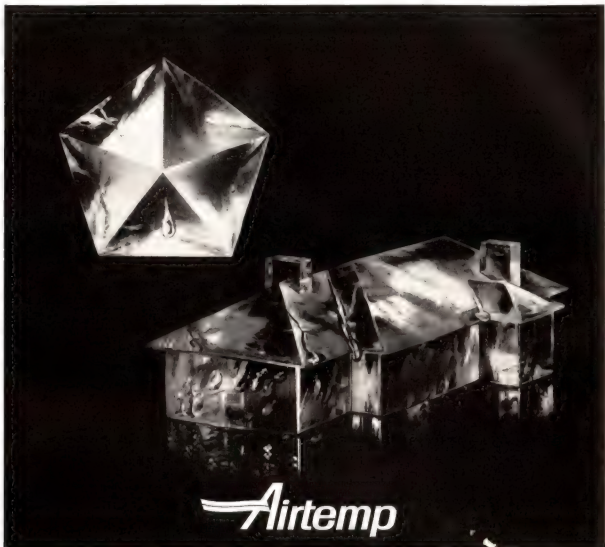
#### A Tide Reversed

Millions of U.S. Christians emotionally reject the Supreme Court's successive decisions against prayer in schools: in fact, as this month's hymn-laden commencement ceremonies show, prayer is still very much in schools, regardless of the court. But church leaders, at first often prone to echo their congregations in opposing the court,



PRESIDENT & WIFE OUTSIDE ST. MARK'S  
*Communion without confirmation?*

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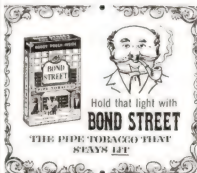
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have thought through the legal implications of attempting to overrule the court by constitutional amendment. They now overwhelmingly agree that the court has affirmed the essential meaning of the First Amendment: it protects all religions by establishing none.

**On the Record.** Almost every Protestant denomination—ranging from the Seventh-day Adventists to the Episcopal National Council—has gone on record endorsing the decisions. The National Council of Churches, representing 31 Protestant and Orthodox groups with more than 40 million members, approved the rulings last June. The three major Lutheran bodies—the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, Lutheran Church in America, and American Lutheran Church—side with the court. Last month additional endorsements came from the American Baptists, Southern Baptists, United Presbyterians and Unitarian Universalists.

Virtually every Jewish organization in the U.S. applauded the initial court decision on school prayer, while Roman Catholic opinion has shifted from open opposition to guarded approval. A new survey of diocesan papers by the Catholic weekly *Ave Maria* revealed that 35 have gone on record opposing any congressional action to overturn the court decisions, while only eight favor it; two years ago, a big majority of the same papers attacked the Supreme Court's ruling on the New York State Board of Regents' prayer. Meanwhile, the church leaders who oppose the court decisions are fewer, although they still include Billy Graham, Fundamentalist Radio Preacher Carl McIntire, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles\* and New York's Auxiliary Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.

**Doubtful Layman.** Says the United Presbyterian Student Clerk, Dr. Eugene Carson Blake: "My experience is uniformly that where there is careful study of the issues involved—in contrast to an initial and unconsidered emotional reaction—a substantial body of thoughtful church-member opinion sees the dangers inherent in the practice of devotions in the public schools." Yet so far, laymen have not been convinced of the court's wisdom to the degree that clergymen are. The Rev. Shrum Burton, president of the Kansas City Council of Churches, explains that "some laymen have a vague feeling that we are losing all religion in public life and that something ought to be done, but they don't know what." At the recent Methodist General Conference, a resolution approving the prayer rulings

\* Who last week was chided by one of his priests for taking a conservative stand on another political issue, civil rights. The Rev. William Du Bay, 29, petitioned Pope Paul VI to remove McIntyre on the ground of "gross malfeasance in office" for failure to exercise moral leadership on the racial issue and for refusing to let his clergy take part in any civil rights campaigns. At week's end the cardinal replied by removing Father Du Bay from his administrative duties.





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was tabled by a vote of 341 to 339. Many school districts have not yet complied with the court decisions, and there are plenty of public schools where the class day begins with a moment of silent meditation.

The degree of church-leader opposition to school prayer has not been lost on the House Judiciary Committee, which recently concluded hearings on constitutional amendments—principally one proposed by New York Republican Frank Becker—that would allow voluntary prayer and Bible reading in the public schools. When the hearings began, some Congressmen reported that

their mail was running 20 to 1 in favor of Congressman Becker's amendment; it now appears to run almost as heavily against. At least 20 of the committee's 35 members, according to one informal poll, will vote down Becker's resolution. Says Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler: "The effect of the churches has been to reverse the tide. In the beginning there was a wave of patriotic piety and religious fervor in support of the Becker amendment. But the churches pointed out the thickets of embarrassments the committee would enter upon if it attempted any change in the Constitution."

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Heller Halliday Weir, 22, Mary Martin's daughter, who played with mother in *Peter Pan*, and Anthony Weir, 28, Madison Avenue ad man; their first child, a boy, and Mary's third grandchild, in Manhattan.

**Married.** Anthony Accardo, 29, adopted son of Anthony ("Big Tuna") Accardo, heir to Al Capone's Chicago crime syndicate; and Janet Marie Hawley, 23, Miss Utah of 1961; in a Roman Catholic ceremony in Chicago attended by their families, four minor-league hoods, and 30 representatives of the FBI, the Illinois Crime Commission, Chicago Crime Commission, Cook County Sheriff's Office and the Chicago police.

**Married.** Dr. James Slater Murphy, 41, associate professor of virology at the Rockefeller Institute and Happy Rockefeller's ex-husband; and Victoria Thompson, 25, Manhattan socialite turned schoolteacher; he for the second time; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Stewart Granger, 51, Hollywood's Great White Hunter (*King Solomon's Mines*); and Caroline Leeger, 22, Belgian beauty queen; he for the third time; in a civil ceremony in Geneva. Said Stewart: "Only thing that makes me wince is that her mother's two years younger than me."

**Died.** Pamela Moore, 26, fledgling novelist, who hit the bestseller lists at 18 with *Chocolates for Breakfast*, describing a girl's first bittersweet taste of adult pleasures and problems, but had less success with a second novel, and found her inkwell dry part way through her third, about a washed-up writer who puts a rifle to her head; by her own hand (.22-cal. rifle); in Manhattan.

**Died.** Charles Clarkson Stelle, 53, career U.S. diplomat, an ever-so-patient negotiator at the Geneva disarmament conferences for the last four years, and a key man in both the 1962 nuclear test ban treaty and last year's "hot line" agreement; in Washington.

**Died.** Luang Pibul Songgram, 66, Thai strongman, who as Prime Minister from 1938 to 1941 and again from 1948 to 1957 changed the country's name from Siam to Thailand, turned it westward, or so he thought, with such Occidental laws as ordering men to kiss their wives before leaving for work each morning, ruled with a generally competent, militantly anti-Communist hand until a 1957 economic crisis led the Thai army to overthrow him; of a heart attack; in Tokyo.

**Died.** Mazie Phillips, 72, angel of mercy to Manhattan's Bowers bums, a guttural-voiced platinum blonde who worked as a cashier in a Skid Row moviehouse and for 50 years comforted every bench warmer, panhandler, and swellbilly with a quarter here, a nip there, believing that more organized forms of charity were doomed because "you ain't goin' to get a bum in a mission if there's a gutter to sleep in"; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Morris Cafritz, 77, Washington real estate man and builder, known for his 100-acre Parklands housing development and shopping center in southeast D.C., but best remembered as the rich husband of Gwen Cafritz, who in the '40s and '50s clashed cocktail crystals with Perle Mesta for the scepter of hostess with the mostest until Jackie Kennedy arrived; of a heart attack; in Washington.

**Died.** Lord Beaverbrook, 85, patriarch of London's Fleet Street; of a heart attack; in London (see PRESS).

**Died.** William Pettus Hobby, 86, one-time Governor of Texas (1917-1921), longtime chairman of the Houston Post and husband of Oveta Culp Hobby, Ike's first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who gave his state women's suffrage and its first oil conservation laws, then rode off to the newspaper wars, supervising the Post's rise as one of Texas' most informative and widely read newspapers (circ. 224,649); in Houston.

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# MEDICINE

## CARDIOLOGY

### Four Fats in the Blood: Which Cause Heart Attacks?

Every week for the past year, more than 1,100 couples in five U.S. cities have selected a seven-day supply of food from a carefully drawn list and then sent their orders to Washington. Processed by a computer, the orders go back to shipping offices in the five cities, and the food is delivered. Container la-

istration had just threatened action against manufacturers who label shortenings and cooking oils as polyunsaturated, thus implying that they are good for the heart and arteries.

**Easy to Measure.** Atherosclerosis that narrows or closes the heart's coronary arteries with slushy, fatty deposits is the greatest killer in the U.S., where it claims 500,000 lives a year, twice as many as cancer. The death rate from prime-of-life heart attacks goes up, roughly, with the concentration of fats in the blood. Most biochemists divide these circulating fatty substances into four groups: cholesterol, fatty acids, phospholipids, and triglycerides, some of them "free," some of them combined with proteins or with one another.

It is not yet certain which of them are the most important in causing atherosclerosis. But cholesterol has received the widest publicity, largely because it is the easiest to measure and thus becomes a handy guide to arterial and coronary health. Among peasants in India, starved of protein and of fat, a cholesterol level of 125 milligrams per 100 milliliters of blood is common. It is about the same for fish-and-rice-eating Japanese. Among Americans living high off the hog, it hits 250 before a doctor begins to worry. And among men with coronary-artery disease, it may go to 500 or more.

The squishy, fatty nature of the deposits in clogged arteries has been recognized for more than 200 years, and the presence of cholesterol (from the Greek for bile solids) in the deposits has been known for more than a century. Presumably the cholesterol is deposited from the blood. Just how or why, no one knows. But high levels of circulating cholesterol go with a high incidence of heart attacks in men 45 to 65; doctors have spent years trying to figure out why the cholesterol piles up.

**Animal v. Vegetable.** The simplest explanation would be that the cholesterol comes from food. Eggs are a common source; their yolks are packed with the stuff. So are some meats. But the obvious explanation is only part of the truth. The high-blood-cholesterol man does not derive his cholesterol entirely or even mainly from his food. He manufactures most of it himself. And fat, it was found, is a prime raw material for his liver and other organs to use in making cholesterol.

This discovery soon proved to be another oversimplification. Most vegetable fats and oils cause little or no rise in blood cholesterol. So the line was drawn between animal and vegetable fats. But even that line was uncertain; it had to weave around to leave hard or saturated fats on one side and polyunsaturated fats on the other. The blubber of whales and the oil of seals and

other marine mammals is polyunsaturated, so Eskimos can eat them and still keep their cholesterol low. Also polyunsaturated are the oils of fish. The fat of chickens and turkeys (unlike that of ducks and geese) is mainly neutral.

Richest of all in polyunsaturates are vegetable oils from corn, cottonseed, safflower, soybeans, and (if not artificially hydrogenated) peanuts and some olives. Virtually all contain fats with different degrees of saturation. What is important, say many heart-disease doctors, is the proportion of polyunsaturated to saturated.

**Prudent Diet.** Until 50 years ago, Americans consumed on the average only about 25% of their calories in the form of fat. They also got a great deal of physical exercise, which tends to keep fat from piling up either on the ribs or in the blood. By 1950, though, New York City's late Dr. Norman Jolliffe estimated that fats made up at least 40% of the average American's calories, and nearly all of them were hard, saturated fats.

Dr. Jolliffe started the Anti-Coronary Club, with 700 men aged 40 to 59 pledged to cut their fats to 30% or less of total calories, to trim off all visible fat from meats such as beef and lamb, and to use whole milk, butter, pastries, cheese and creamy desserts only as treats on special occasions. After seven years, there is no doubt that Anti-Coronary members have lower blood-cholesterol levels than before, and evidence is piling up that they have won considerable immunity to heart attacks.

It was all very well to get 700 highly motivated men in New York City to go

Amid a plethora of diet books, a new edition of Jolliffe's *Reduce and Stay Reduced on the Prudent Diet* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95) is the biggest seller.



### choose...

Fish, Seafood  
Poultry  
Lean Meats  
Baked, Broiled or Boiled  
...and served without  
gravy or sauce  
Salads, Sandwiches  
Cereals, Plain Breads, Rolls  
Plain Vegetables  
Sherbet, Angel Food, Gelatin, Fruits

### avoid...

All Fried Foods, High-Fat Meats  
Stews, Pizza, Cheese, Casserole Dishes  
Creamed Foods: Soups, Sauces, Salad Dressings  
Butter, Margarine  
Ice Cream, Whipped Cream, Baked Goods

### ADVICE TO DIETERS

#### What does the computer say?

bels give no clue to the precise ingredients in such items as salad dressings, cake mixes and milk concentrates.

The computerized menus represent no attempt to automate a housewife's traditional chore. They are part of a serious and important study, financed by the U.S. Public Health Service, designed to discover whether American men still in their prime can be saved from fatal heart attacks by changes in their diet.

The computer's coldly calculated answers promise to help cut through the growing confusion about fats and the heart. Today, almost every time some authority sounds off on the subject, the effect is to multiply the contradictions. Last week the American Heart Association suggested that although the proof is not yet conclusive, the weight of evidence indicates that a lower-fat diet, with proportionately more polyunsaturated vegetable fats, will help to save lives. But the Food and Drug Admin-

Chemists call a fat saturated if each carbon atom along the molecular chain has hydrogen atoms attached. It is monounsaturated if one carbon atom is free of the hydrogen bonds; it is polyunsaturated if two or more are free.



HEART SPECIALIST PAGE  
Will man mind his appetite?

on Dr. Jolliffe's "prudent diet," but could the mass of American men be induced to do the same while still apparently healthy? Now the National Diet-Heart Study, headed by Cleveland's Dr. Irvine H. Page (TIME Cover, Oct. 31, 1955), is seeking an answer. Backed by the U.S. Public Health Service, the study aims to find out 1) whether men will voluntarily restrict their diets now for the sake of a possible health gain in the future, 2) whether the prescribed diets will effectively lower blood cholesterol, and 3) if so, which of several diets is best for the purpose.

**Blood Will Tell.** In the test cities, the Census Bureau mailed invitations to about 8,000 men; in each city, about 800 replied and attended a selection meeting. Those chosen had to be in apparent good health, with no history of heart-artery disease. They had to be married, and have a stable job and a home with a food freezer. They gave blood samples for cholesterol measurements before they started on their diets, and have given them every two months since.

In each city, the D-H food center delivers its computer-selected lean meats, the meat specialties such as "grillettes," sausage and chicken à la king, and the defatted milk substitutes, cheeses, spreads, creamless ice cream—and margarine. Volunteers buy many staples, fish, fowl and fruits in the open market. Just how many different diets are being tried in the study is still secret.

The volunteers were asked to eat out only two meals a week, and then to pick and choose carefully from the menu or whatever a hostess serves. Do the boys cheat? Not much, say the know-it-all computers, which not only select menus but tabulate the results of frequent checkups. Bimonthly blood-cholesterol levels would tattle on any secret gorgers. Most of the men have lost weight—five to eight pounds on the average.

Whatever the precise composition of the secret diets, they are based on far more sophisticated nutrition science than simply cutting down on fats and boosting the proportion of polyunsaturates. For one thing, it probably does no good to cut down fats and make up the caloric deficit with carbohydrates: the Rockefeller Institute's Dr. Edward H. Ahrens Jr. has shown that one effect of this maneuver is to boost the triglycerides in the blood. And more and more heart researchers are coming to believe that the triglycerides are at least as important as cholesterol, and perhaps a better clue to the risk of a heart attack. Oakland's Dr. Laurance Kinsell has found that some people have high triglycerides and normal cholesterol, while others have high cholesterol and normal triglycerides.

**Microscopic Giants.** Dr. Margaret Albrink, now at West Virginia University, began a triglyceride study in 1955 when she was at Yale. She says it is the triglyceride level, and not the sheer volume

of cholesterol, that determines whether the cholesterol will circulate in harmless little molecules or form "giant" (though still microscopic) particles of the kind that clog up arteries. Adds Dr. Albrink: "The single most important thing that influences the triglyceride concentration is excessive weight gain after 25. Triglycerides increase with too many calories, while cholesterol increases with too much fat."

With so much emphasis on what to eat and how much, some authorities despair of getting the public to recognize that heart disease has no single, simple cause. Hereditary susceptibility

prize the doctors found that in seven years no Roseto men under 47 died of heart attacks, and in later life their rate was barely half that in neighboring towns. Perhaps, the investigators say, the explanation is that these people are "gay, hoisterous and unpretentious, simple, warm and very hospitable . . . mutually trusting (there is no crime in Roseto) and mutually supporting." When Rosetans leave home to live in the big cities, their heart-attack death rate goes up to the U.S. norm.

**Red Cells Merge.** Basic to any understanding of the role of stress, says San Francisco's Dr. Meyer Friedman, is



THE DE FRANCO FAMILY AT DINNER IN ROSETO, PA.  
How to succeed in living is to be a most happy fellow.

is a factor, and so is high blood pressure. Says Dr. Paul Dudley White, lean, beanpole dean of cardiologists: "We're trying to establish the degree of responsibility for a number of different factors. For instance, muscular metabolism, and the effects of vigorous exercise." Dr. William B. Kannel, assistant director of a ten-year-old study of more than 5,000 men and women in Framingham, Mass., says: "Cigarette smoking triggers a great amount of coronary disease. If we could abolish smoking, we could reduce the deaths from coronary disease in Framingham by 40%." The risk is related to how much you smoke, but not to how long you have smoked. Those who stop smoking have as good a chance of escaping heart disease as nonsmokers.

Everywhere, eager researchers are trying to pin down the importance of stress and how it affects the heart. The University of Oklahoma's Dr. Stewart Wolf led a team of cardiologists into the little Pennsylvania town of Roseto, where 95% of the 1,600 inhabitants are descended from a single group of immigrants from Italy. They eat heavily, including plenty of saturated fat, and drink a lot of wine. Nearly all of them are overweight. But to their sur-

prise the doctors found that in seven years no Roseto men under 47 died of heart attacks, and in later life their rate was barely half that in neighboring towns. Perhaps, the investigators say, the explanation is that these people are "gay, hoisterous and unpretentious, simple, warm and very hospitable . . . mutually trusting (there is no crime in Roseto) and mutually supporting." When Rosetans leave home to live in the big cities, their heart-attack death rate goes up to the U.S. norm.

A driving go-getter, he says, cannot clear his bloodstream fast enough of the triglycerides which accumulate after a high-fat meal. Unlike the more placid man, the go-getter uses too much of his body's heparin to break up the fat. There is not enough heparin (nature's anticoagulant) left to keep the red blood cells apart: "If, after every meal, a man has too many fat particles going around and red cells sludging and obstructing small blood vessels, the heart may be temporarily so embarrassed that this man will have a heart attack without a clot. This may explain why 30% to 40% of all autopsies after heart attacks reveal no clot."

In the D-H study, now beginning its second year, some volunteers will be given more freedom to buy their own lean meats. Next summer, the computers will render their verdicts on this and other variables in the volunteers' diets. Then the PHS will decide whether to launch a ten-year study of 100,000 men to settle, once and for all, the vexed questions of fats and the heart.



## ART

### SCULPTURE

#### In Abstract Memoriam

Dag Hammarskjöld was more than the late Secretary-General of the United Nations. He was a man of feeling, a poet, who wrote of a small sculpture that he kept in his office: "Shall my soul meet so severe a curve, journeying on its way to form?" The question was answered at Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, on Sept. 18, 1961, when his airplane crashed during a tour of the chaotic Congo. The sculpture was by Barbara Hepworth, 61, Britain's top woman artist. Last week another Hepworth bronze appeared at the United Nations.

Abstract as an apple, its tensile curves

duction may be taken until the art work is physically ceded to a museum or charitable institution. But most museum directors are not alarmed by the new law, even though donations may be delayed for years. For the IRS has increased the incentive to give now, adding 10% to the former 20% deductible from gross income. At 30%, museums stand on an equal footing with hospitals and educational institutions in soliciting gifts. And some museum directors pondered whether they might still not rent back donated paintings to givers at \$1 a year.

The Art Dealers Association of America, which is the country's unofficial evaluator of art-worthiness, report-

DAVID GREEN



DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD MEMORIAL AT U.N.

A question remembered.

suggest nothing but nature as they wind around its 21-ft. height—an ideal counter to the squared shimmer of the Secretariat Building's facade. Symbolically, the bold bronze seems a play on the Swedish diplomat's name—a hammered shield. Inside the pierced circle of the design, Sculptress Hepworth has inscribed: "To the glory of God and the memory of Dag Hammarskjöld."

### MUSEUMS

#### A Gift Is Now a Gift

Giving art to museums used to be pure eat-your-cake-and-have-it. A collector could sign away his Rembrandt, Van Gogh or Gignoux (yes, who?) to his favorite museum, deduct its value from his income tax, and leave it right over his fireplace until his death. As of midnight June 30, the Indian giving is over, thanks to the Internal Revenue Service.

The revenooers are shutting the life-interest loophole. In the future, no de-

ed that donors squeezing under the deadline had increased demands for appraisals tenfold. Still under the wire the Philadelphia Museum got a Picasso, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts three 18th century American portraits. Manhattan's Metropolitan received a score of donations, compared with none for this time last year. No one was telling what the last-minute nongifts were; they are still over the fireplaces.

#### Unburied Cross

A work of art is often a synopsis of its time. Versailles tells of 17th century French rationalism in its orderly facades and the geometry of its gardens. Michelangelo's sculpture reveals in its robust anatomy the renaissance of man's faith in himself. Yet few objects compact so much of a world into a microcosm as the Romanesque cross recently acquired by Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Met first heard of the cross eight years ago; it had been stashed

away in a Swiss bank vault by an Austrian collector. It was carved from seven pieces of walrus tusk, a distinctly North European material; and from such traits of style as "damp folds"—garments that cling smoothly around the anatomy—Met Associate Curator of Medieval Art Thomas P. F. Hoving deduced that the cross was from late 12th century England.

**Backwards Latin.** Rippling across the ivory everywhere are images that summarize early theology. The tusks lend the cross an undulating vitality, repeated in the budding motif of the Garden of Eden's Tree of Life, then supposed to be the material of the original cross of Calvary. Taking these themes, the cross dramatically telescopes time, showing Adam and Eve, the primordial parents of man, at the base of the cross as they are at last raised from the dead by the Crucifixion. They seem to emerge from their eons-long sleep in a mood of joyous bewilderment as they clutch at the Tree of Life's roots, while Christ ascends above them, already halfway to heaven.

The next clue lay in the cross's 108 figures and more than 60 inscriptions in Latin and Greek, mostly serving an ugly propaganda purpose. Rather than celebrate Christ's ascension, hexameters such as "synagogue falls after vain and stupid effort," rail against Christ's "assassins." The Jews, shown in the conical caps that they wore in medieval times, jostle and mock Christ. The placard over the missing figure of Christ reads "Jesus of Nazareth King of the Confessors" instead of "Jews." And it is written in backwards Latin rather than properly in Hebrew, to emphasize rejection of Christ's origins.

**Home Crusades.** The anti-Jewish polemic was not uncommon to the militant and quite intolerant 12th century British church, which had already sent two crusades against infidels, and under Richard the Lionhearted was raising a third. Zealous Christians, certain that the Last Judgment was just around the corner, and eager to pay back the pagans, were just as ready to take revenge on the Jews of Britain as they were to recover Jerusalem from the Moslems.

One monastery in England particularly led outbreaks against the Jews. It was the abbey of Bury St. Edmunds, the holy tomb of the royal martyr killed in 870 by pagan Danes when he refused to recant Christianity. Stylistic links between the cross and the richly illuminated Bury Bible, created during the 1130s, led Curator Hoving to the abbey.

**An Hooly Monke.** While medieval monasteries waxed rich in land holdings, Bury St. Edmunds had fallen deeply into debt to Jewish moneylenders at the end of the 12th century. Then a strong, stubborn monk, appropriately named Samson, became abbot shortly after a young boy was found murdered. The Jews were blamed. Eight years

PAUL SCUTTER—SITE



HEPWORTH

## Romanesque Masterwork



THE THEOLOGY of twelfth century British Christians is summed up in 22-inch-high walrus-tusk cross made for Abbot Samson of Bury St. Edmunds, lately acquired by Metropolitan Museum of Art.



ASCENSION of Christ in top plaque adds drama by showing him already half in heaven.



SCROLL BEARERS (Peter, lower left, and Moses, center) proclaim the Hebrews' rejection of Christ.



TRIAL of Jesus before Pilate was detached from cross, recently found and reassembled



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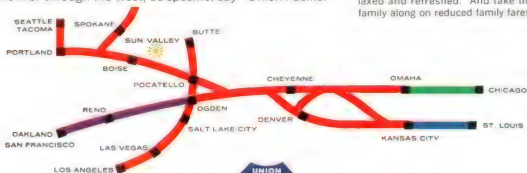
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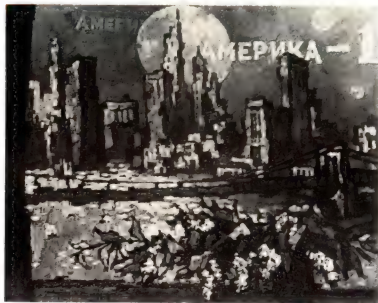
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UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



RABIN'S "AMERICAN LANDSCAPE" (1962)  
Also visions of London and oversized stamps.

later 57 Jews were massacred in the town. Samson got the King to expel the Jews from Bury St. Edmunds, and shortly cleared the abbey's debt, wresting back the glory that the monastery once enjoyed.

The abbot was the embodiment of a militant monk. History records that he begged the King to go on a crusade. Hoving concludes that Samson might well have commissioned the cross. Perhaps he was the abbot whom Chaucer mocked in his *Prioress's Tale* for his false piety over a murder:

*This abbot, which that was an hooly man.*

*As monkes been, or elles oghte be.*  
Concludes Hoving more mildly of Samson's cross: "It expresses what was in the wind throughout the entire Christian world during the late 12th century, for the cross is symbolic of the crusading spirit, both good and evil."

## PAINTING

### Soviet Art in London

Eric Estorick, Brooklyn-born manager of London's fashionable Grossvenor Gallery, has a quixotic goal: he wants to bring modern Russian art to the West. In four years he has journeyed 15 times to Russia, searching for paintings and cajoling authorities for permission to export the works. Last week he put his acquisitions on show, the first major commercial exhibit of Soviet art in the West since 1922, when the young Russian revolutionary regime sent to Berlin and Amsterdam works by Kandinsky, Pevzner and Gabo—who all later went into exile.

Estorick's modern artists seem mostly pre-Kandinsky in style. Hardly a trace of surrealism, cubism or abstractionism shows; the most obvious influence is

French impressionism. Yet, except for Lenin Prize-winner Aleksandr Deineka's husky peasant girls, which Estorick probably bought for diplomatic reasons, the show is not a dismal display of the Russian Tractor Style. Instead, the rest of the exhibition is heavy with still lifes and landscapes, competent, vaguely Western, strangely empty of invention. Perhaps half a dozen of the 82 artists are important.

One is Anatoly Nikitch, 46, who will show at the Venice Biennale this season. His seven still lifes are perfectly balanced compositions and painters' paintings; in one, provocatively, a postcard by France's Bernard Buffet is visible stuck to a background wall. Pavel Nikonov's somber *Still Life with Pestle and Mortar*, with its Braque-like greys and browns, and Aleksei Tyapushkin's still life with flowers on table are also painterly achievements. Sculptor Ernest Neizvestny, who was personally scolded by Khrushchev for his modernism, draws dynamic nudes.

The only painter who might be much at home in any Western city's modern museum is Oskar Rabin, an eastcast painter who enjoys no official patronage at home. Rabin's four fantasy cityscapes are semiabstractions: a *City and Moons* balances glowing oval shapes against the dark grid of hazy architectural forms; an *American Landscape* shows giddy skyscrapers in a land he has never visited. Visions of London and Paris both depict painfully precise, oversized postage stamps (one with Queen Elizabeth) that boldly refute the perspective.

Singularly absent are the spunky, if not necessarily accomplished, avant-gardists who are much whispered about in Russia. As Entrepreneur Estorick puts it, "We don't want to make martyrs of these guys."

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## NEUROPHYSIOLOGY

## Live Brains in the Lab

The recipe has long been a staple of science fiction: learn how to keep monkey brains alive after the monkeys die, then try the technique with humans. But whatever the profits of the fictional feat, such achievements would be even more rewarding to the real scientist. Now, at Cleveland Metropolitan General Hospital, researchers have taken the first long step: they have learned to keep isolated monkey brains alive.

A team led by Dr. Robert J. White takes a brain, which is about as big as a man's fist, out of a rhesus monkey's skull, retains only small bits of bone to

lost ears and eyes. But Dr. White is not sure whether the brain is asleep or awake. Does the brain believe it is still alive and in the original monkey? Is it frightened by loud sounds and bright flashes of light? Does it send desperate escape orders to nonexistent limbs?

**Rewards in Death.** No attempts have been made so far to find out whether the isolated brain functions logically, sizing up a situation on the evidence of its sense nerves, consulting its memory and giving appropriate orders to its muscle nerves. Such experiments might be made by using food rewards to train a living monkey to perform a simple action, such as reaching an arm forward when it hears a set number of familiar sounds,



ISOLATED MONKEY BRAIN  
Asleep? Awake? Frightened?

serve as supports, and suspends the brain in an apparatus of tubes and rods. Its blood vessels are hitched to a small heart-lung machine, and fresh blood is supplied from a monkey blood bank. Delicate needles stuck in its surface allow an electroencephalograph to measure the electrical activity by which all brains do their work.

Dr. White's monkey brains sometimes stay alive for as long as 18 hours. When they finally die, it is usually because of waste products accumulating in the blood. Soon Dr. White hopes to use an artificial kidney to clean up the blood and lengthen the brains' survival time.

**Sounds & Sights.** While alive, the brains' EEG charts show a continuous flow of electrical signals, and Dr. White can communicate with them. When he rings a bell near the stump of a brain's auditory nerve, he gets an electrical reaction. When a needle carrying weak electric current touches the stump of the optic nerve, the visual part of the brain responds.

This activity indicates that the brain is functioning on a high level, reacting to signals that seem to come from its

When the monkey is fully trained, its brain would be isolated, and the sound signal given to its auditory nerve. If electrical signals appear in nerves that formerly led to arm muscles, this will mean that the brain's memories of past rewards are making it try to reach for food with an arm that no longer exists.

Still far in the future is another favorite idea of science fiction: using the isolated brains as cheap, efficient computers to do routine jobs. But if still living human brains ever become available, Dr. White's monkey techniques would probably keep them alive, and there might be jobs for them to do.

## ECOLOGY

## Chemical Controversy

The more chemical pesticides are put to practical use on farms and gardens, the more controversy rages about their possible hazards. The most recent acrimonious debate has focused on U.S. rivers where fish have died in conspicuous numbers.

Are pesticides to blame? The Public Health Service said they were when

5,000,000 fish died last fall in the Mississippi Delta. After a hurried investigation and an analysis of the remains of ten dead catfish, PHS blamed the entire slaughter on endrin, an insecticide used on cotton and sugar cane in the farms around the lower reaches of the river. No significant amount of endrin was found in the water where the fish died, reported Cincinnati's Dr. Donald Mount. But in the blood of the dead catfish, he said, enough endrin was found to be fatal.

Agricultural and chemical interests pointed out that endrin is a notably safe and useful insecticide, and that it was hardly proper to indict the chemical on the evidence of so small a sampling. Most of the dead Mississippi fish, PHS critics argued, were menhaden, an almost inedible salt-water inhabitant. No menhaden were analyzed, and since they normally live in the sea, there was little chance that they could be affected by insecticides anyway.

**Fat Theory.** The PHS withdrew its claims about the menhaden, which left about 175,000 fresh-water fish believed to have died of endrin. But how did the poison get into the fish while the water in which they lived was essentially free of endrin? The PHS believes fish gradually concentrate the insecticide, which lodges in their fat. When the fish consume their fat in time of food scarcity, enough endrin is released into their blood to kill them.

This interesting theory has not yet been proved by experiments. Besides, asked the critics, how did a large amount of endrin get into the Mississippi in the first place? For a while, PHS blamed the Velvicol Chemical Corp., which manufactures endrin at Memphis. But the company had a ready reply. "If our endrin got into the river," asked a Velvicol official, "why weren't thousands of fish killed around our plant, instead of 770 miles downstream?" PHS answered that the doomed catfish probably got poisoned near Memphis and swam to the river's mouth before they died—a theory that hardly accounts for the fact that the catfish analyzed are not migratory species and do not commute to salt water.

**Common Death.** The Mississippi fishkill is still a live subject in Washington, but Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman announced: "None of the evidence presented was scientifically adequate, in the judgment of the department, to justify withdrawal of endrin, aldrin or dieldrin from farm use."

Another fishkill in Missouri last month only added to the confusion. Once more PHS was quick to blame insecticides: once more the evidence did not confirm the charge. Only a few fish died, and no poison has been found in them. Suffocation is the more likely cause of death since decomposing raw sewage dumped into the river at Kansas City had used up an inordinate amount of the Missouri's oxygen.

Future kills may yet be traced to in-



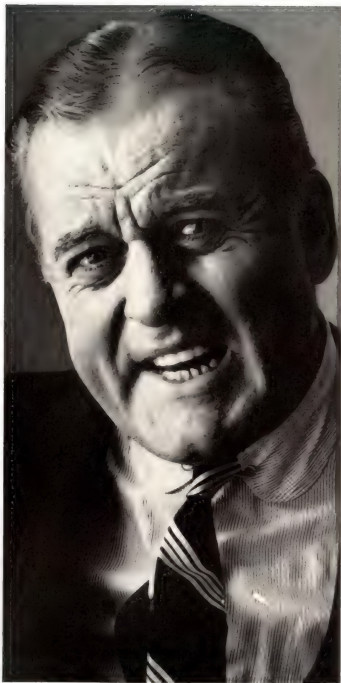
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secticides, some of which are toxic to fish in amounts that are harmless to humans. If so, Government authorities may be forced to choose between the interests of cutfish and farmers.

## NUCLEAR PHYSICS

### In a Restless Universe Constants Can Vary

In what scientists sometimes call "the restless universe" are a few unchallenged constants that have become the benchmarks of basic research. Among them are absolute zero, which represents cold so intense that there is no molecular movement, and the speed of light, which was written into Einstein's age-shaking equation,  $E=mc^2$ . Constant too is the decay of radioactive materials at rates that cannot be altered by heat, cold, pressure, magnetism, or any other influence.\* Such reliability means that ancient tombs can be dated by the decay of carbon 14; the age of the earth's most ancient rocks may be measured by decaying uranium.

Any suggestion that any of nature's constants can indeed be changed—however small the alteration—is always big news in science. And last week physicists at Westinghouse Research labs in Pittsburgh announced that they had turned the trick. Working with a radioactive substance, iron 57, they proved that they could influence the rate of radioactive decay.

Iron 57 exists in both an "excited" (radioactive) and an "unexcited" state. It decays from one to the other with the emission of gamma rays. When an F 57 atom in the unexcited state absorbs a gamma ray, it too becomes excited, then decays to the unexcited state again a brief instant later. Westinghouse's physicists surrounded excited F 57 atoms with a blanket of the same atoms in the unexcited state and recorded their behavior. As the excited atoms began to decay at the normal rate, some of the gamma rays they emitted were absorbed by unexcited atoms, which then became excited. As they in turn decayed, their gamma rays returned some of the atoms that had already decayed to the excited state once more. Then these atoms had to repeat the decaying process, thus lengthening the average radioactive life of the original group of excited atoms by as much as 3%—a startling violation of the rigid rule.

In the distant future, some similar system may conceivably put radioactivity to work by turning it on and off like water from a kitchen faucet, but at present the Westinghouse scientists, though delighted with their accomplishment, see no practical application. Said Dr. Lawrence M. Epstein: "The thrill was purely intellectual."

\*One marginal exception: beryllium 7, with a decay rate that changes by at most 0.1% when its atoms are built into certain chemical compounds.



*The day we moved in -- June 9, 1963*

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Don't wait till tomorrow. You've given your family a home. Now give them a future in it.

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## COLLEGE

### That's Good Advice

"I happen to believe in commencement ceremonies," confessed University of Kentucky President John Oswald, generously, as he gave the commencement speech at Indiana's DePauw University. If commencement speeches do have value, it must—to judge from their customary content—he that of good advice. Last week, graduates got good advice by the chapelful, by the auditoriumful, by the stadiumful.

**Yes But No.** At Brigham Young University in Utah, Globetrotter Lowell Thomas took for his theme the merits of skiing; at the University of Delaware, Ralph W. Tyler, Stanford Behavioral Scientist, warned students against "outdoor sports and other leisure pursuits which provide self-gratification but have little constructive value to society." Poverty Planner Sargent Shriver called on Boston College and Wesleyan University seniors to aid the economically poor: University of Chicago Chancellor

in Chester, Lyndon Johnson argued at Swarthmore that Big Government would achieve the "Great Society." At the President's next stop on the academic circuit, Holy Cross College, he offered the hope that science might "bypass the politics of the cold war." Lady Bird thought it more important to stress peace of another kind, and told Radcliffe seniors to "avoid a conscious war with men" and to use their brains to become "not a superwoman, but a total woman, a natural woman."

Yet doing what comes naturally, warned Kentucky's Oswald, has resulted in the population boom that inflames "the ills of mankind." Was that a gentle recommendation of birth control? Maybe so, but Psychiatrist Frank Ayd, the father of twelve children, told graduates of Roman Catholic Xavier University in Cincinnati that the choice is between sacrificial abstinence and the "almost Hitlerian precept" of artificial contraception.

Arnold Nash, professor of religion at the University of North Carolina, said

tioned Corning Glass Board Chairman Amory Houghton Jr. at Michigan's Albion College: "It is one of the most all-encompassing, intoxicating forces you'll ever come up against." Take care not to be pushy, either, added Calvin B. Hoover, Duke University economist who spoke at Duke. If anyone realizes that "you are grooming yourself for leadership, you will be considered the insufferable prig which you would be." And thus was Youth once again infused with the distilled wisdom of Age and Experience.

### Kudos

#### AMHERST COLLEGE

• W. Willard Wirtz, U.S. Secretary of Labor—L.H.D.

#### BATES COLLEGE

• Perry T. Rathbone, director, Boston Museum of Fine Arts—D.F.A.  
• Minoru Yamasaki, architect—D.F.A.  
• William Zorach, sculptor, and Marguerite Zorach, his wife, painter and tapestry-maker—D.F.A.

#### BETHANY COLLEGE

• Edith Green, Oregon Congresswoman—Pub. Affairs D. *The right to change her*



THOMAS



RUSK



HUMPHREY



SHRIVER

*Of purpose, peace, poverty, pills and prigs.*

for George Beadle urged his own graduates to help reduce "cultural poverty": Senate Democratic Whip Hubert Humphrey said, at the University of Massachusetts, that those who really need help are people who suffer racial discrimination.

Adlai Stevenson agreed with that and invited Maine's Colby College students to get jailed, if necessary, since "a jail sentence is no longer a dishonor but a proud achievement." At Marquette, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, on the other hand, warned "the concerned generation" not to zeal carry them as far as jail. Secretary of State Dean Rusk, while approving all these domestic good works, told Smith girls that foreign policy is "as close and important as your friends and family, as everything you cherish."

**Is That Clear?** While Barry Goldwater inveighed against Big Government at Pennsylvania Military College

in a baccalaureate sermon at Vanderbilt University that graduates should "view the universe as an ordered place with a purpose," not see life as "just one damn thing after another." But Vanderbilt Chancellor Alexander Heard, making the commencement address there, saw a world in revolt, "a world running wild with no place for minds standing still." Chicago Advertising Executive Lee King, at Northwestern, said that "our deadly malady is a disappearing supply of the creative resource," while at Pomona Ambassador (to Mexico) Fulton Freeman saw students "coming into creative citizenship at a fascinating moment in history." Columnist James Reston, at Brandeis, deplored "poverty beyond understanding or excuse," and Internal Revenue Boss Mortimer Caplin, speaking at St. Michael's in Vermont, sternly disapproved "the excesses of expense-account living."

Avoid becoming second rate, cau-

*tion is a right that every man has long granted to every woman. Her right to change the minds of men is equally ancient but less frequently acknowledged.*

#### BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

• Richard James Cardinal Cushing, archbishop of Boston—L.H.D. *Impatient as Teresa of Avila, yet descended from Philip Neri, saint of holy laughter, he would have men dissolve dissension in the circle of the human heart.*

#### BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY

• Henry Pitney Van Dusen, president emeritus, Union Theological Seminary—D.D.

#### CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

• Edwin H. Land, chairman of the board, president, and director of research, Polaroid Corp.—Sc.D.

#### COLBY COLLEGE

• Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney Museum of American Art—D.F.A.  
• Rosalyn Tureck, concert pianist and harpsichordist—D.Mus. *Recognized as*

# Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



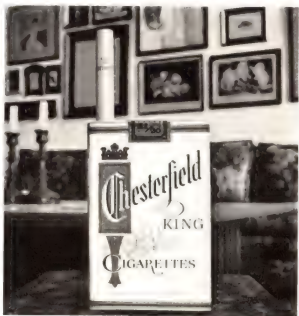
Howard G. Meaton, rancher, Arizona



Joan Lakow, pattern designer, New York



N. J. Goldstone, aerospace engineer, California



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**And we'll be pretty happy about it ourselves.**

\* Who last week got honorary degrees from three other Roman Catholic colleges: Boston, Manhattan and St. Peter's.



## Doctor and patient, turn about

This team of medical students is answering a question patients often think, but seldom ask, "Does the doctor really know how this feels?"

Today, these men whirl each other to utter dizziness in a Bárány Chair. Then they test eye focus and equilibrium for abnormal symptoms. Again you'll find them acting by turns as doctor and patient in taking blood samples, using a stomach pump or even an iron lung.

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the ten or more years of their costly, relentlessly thorough preparation to serve you with skill and human understanding.

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Gore), British Ambassador to the U.S.—I.L.D.  
• James J. Rorimer, director, Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—D.F.A.

**NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY**  
• George W. Ball, U.S. Under Secretary of State—I.L.D.

**NORWICH UNIVERSITY**  
• Eugene Collins Pulliam, newspaper publisher—I.L.D.

**OSLER UNIVERSITY**  
• Walter W. Heller, chairman, President's Council of Economic Advisers—I.L.D.

**ROOSEVELT UNIVERSITY**  
• Levi Eshkol, Prime Minister of Israel—I.L.D.

**SMITH COLLEGE**  
• Phyllis McGinley, poet—Lit.D.

**SWARTHMORE COLLEGE**  
• W. H. Auden, Pulitzer prize-winning poet—Lit.D. His strict and adult pen has helped to give our age its own appropriate voice.  
• Herman J. Muller, Nobel prize-winning geneticist—Sc.D. A scientific humanist who merges in his own mind many minds.  
• U. Thant, Secretary-General of the U.N.—I.L.D.

**TUFTS UNIVERSITY**  
• William McChesney Martin Jr., chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—I.L.D.  
• Sylvia Porter, business columnist—I.H.D.

**UNION COLLEGE (Scheneectady)**  
• Leland John Haworth, director, National Science Foundation—D.C.L.  
• David Lawrence Yumich, president, Macy's of New York—I.L.D.

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• Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Shah of Iran—I.H.D. He has given his support and his best efforts, in the face of the controversy that such fundamental reforms provoke, to the achievement of land and economic reforms.

**UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS**  
• Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, architect—D.F.A.

**UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS**  
• John Hope Franklin, historian—D.H. "But for the excellence of the typical single life," said Santayana, "no nation deserves to be remembered more than the sands of the sea." You have brought an individual gift of excellence to the life of reflection and scholarship.

**UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME**  
• Rafael Caldera, co-founder and leader of the Christian Democratic Party in Venezuela—I.L.D.  
• Thomas Clifton Mann, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs—I.L.D.  
• The Most Rev. Miguel Darío Miranda, archbishop of Mexico City—I.L.D. A vigorous champion of social justice.  
• Raúl Cardinal Silva Henríquez, reforming archbishop of Santiago, Chile—I.L.D.

**WHEATON COLLEGE**  
• Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard—I.L.D.

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## CORPORATIONS

## Thunder in Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh is a city with a head of steam, a heart of steel and one subject on its tongue. The steel chieftains ponder it in their exclusive Duquesne Club; the middle managers anxiously debate it in the Bar D'Or at the Penn-Sheraton Hotel; the mill hands chew it along with pretzels and pistachios in beery saloons from Ambridge to Donora. The subject: the change that is coming over the United States Steel Corp. Behind the closed doors of its executive suites, the world's largest steelmaker is shaking through the greatest reorganization in modern U.S. business. On July 1 the giant that steelmen everywhere know as "The Corporation" plans to announce that Phase One is over, that its thorough shuffling of executives and sorting of divisional boundaries have been successfully completed.

"It Was So Obvious." The thunder has been rolling in almost every corner of a company that pours more steel (27 million tons a year) than all of Great Britain. Since 1960, U.S. Steel has cut its work force from 225,000 to 183,400. Some 3,000 executives—more than 10% of the company's management—have been released or sent to early retirement. Another 2,500 executives, who



WORTHINGTON



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BLOUGH

Leading the greatest reorganization.

have what one U.S. Steel official calls "good records and good attitudes," have been rooted up from such outposts as Birmingham, Cleveland and Provo, Utah, leaving behind a surfeit of \$35,000 to \$50,000 homes. Transferred to Pittsburgh, they now overflow the 41-story headquarters into four other downtown buildings. They have been brought together as part of the corporation's effort to slice through its layer cake of supervisors, consolidate its sprawling divisions and end the costly overlapping of its sales offices. The company has united many of its independent accounting and engineering offices in central headquarters, reduced the number of its regional sales offices from 53 to 28, and ordered all salesmen to sell its full range of 10,000 kinds of steel instead of only a limited number. Says President Leslie B. Worthington: "It was so obvious that we could improve our effort by bringing together these divisions."

The obvious need is to increase sales and earnings. The company that controlled 65% of the nation's steel sales 60 years ago has slipped almost steadily to a low of 24.2% of the present booming market; each percentage-point drop now means a loss of \$150 million in annual sales. Though U.S. Steel last year reached a three-year peak in sales (\$3.6 billion) and earnings (\$203.5 million), its profit as a percentage of invested capital (4.9%) was the lowest among the majors, and as a percentage of sales (5.6%) was just average. In comparison, National Steel, which is one-quarter the size, led by both measures with returns of 8.4% and 7.5%. In 1962 U.S. Steel was forced to cut its quarterly dividend from 75¢ to 50¢, and its stock closed last week at 53½—less than half of what the price was five years ago.

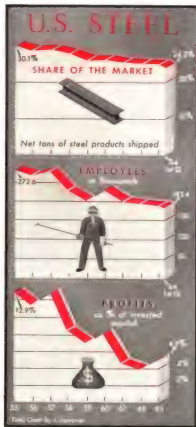
**Lawyers & Bankers.** Such losses in income and image have stirred up criticisms of the company's management. In the 63 years since J. P. Morgan bought out Andrew Carnegie for \$500 million and brought in Judge Elbert Gary to organize U.S. Steel, the company has been guided mostly by lawyers

and bankers. Of the six chairmen in its history, only one—the late Ben Fairless—ever worked regularly in a steel mill and was not a lawyer. Says a vice president of a competing steel company: "The operating people simply do not have an equal voice. The corporation would do much better if they did."

High policy at U.S. Steel today is made by three men—two of whom came from consulting jobs outside. Chairman Roger Miles Blough, 60, probably the best-known U.S. businessman, was recruited 22 years ago from the company's law firm, White & Case, and today is in charge of its relations with Washington and with stockholders. Finance Committee Chairman Robert C. Tyson, 58, a coal accountant who came from Price, Waterhouse, looks after the money. Leslie Worthington, 61, an ebullient salesman who was lifted several ranks to the presidency in 1959, runs day-to-day operations. Steelmen and securities analysts consider Blough and Tyson to be adequate specialists, rate Worthington as the most imaginative and popular of the three. "In sum," says one Pittsburgh steel executive, "the top managers are conservative men who tend to practice what they already know."

**Penalty of Size.** Instead of leading the industry, the company's cautious managers were slow in adjusting to some of the great marketing and technological changes that have vastly altered the steel business over the past decade. Such companies as Inland were quicker to react to the fact that the great postwar and post-Korea steel shortage ended in 1957, and they stepped up their selling drives. While U.S. Steel continued to concentrate on the heavier and less profitable grades of steel, such specialists as Armco and Youngstown marketed more and more of the lighter and flat-rolled steels that have taken larger bites of the market.

European firms developed the two major postwar steelmaking innovations—the oxygen process and continuous casting—and companies such as McWorther, Kaiser and Jones & Laughlin built oxygen furnaces before U.S. Steel



did. Progressive McLouth was also first with continuous casting. In addition, U.S. Steel declined to meet lower prices set by aggressive domestic and foreign competitors, sometimes abandoned markets rather than compete.

U.S. Steelmen say that they are penalized by bigness. Theirs is the only truly national steel company, with plants stretching westward to Pittsburg, Calif., and it often cannot change prices or products as rapidly as smaller but more profitable regional companies. At the same time, the corporation is among those most hurt by cut-price imports from Japan and Europe, for it is a major producer of the products most heavily imported—bars, wires, pipes. Many U.S. Steelmen also complain that Government harassment prevents them from expanding their markets or raising prices as high as they would like. The Government has filed no fewer than six anti-trust suits against U.S. Steel since Roger Blough's price fight with President Kennedy in 1962.

**"The New Competition."** U.S. Steel has begun to make up for its inadequacies. "Changes occur at such a rapid pace," Roger Blough told stockholders last month, "that we might call this business ferment the new competition." The corporation has tripled its research budget over the last five years, is introducing new or improved products at the rate of one a week. Among them: a cheaper wire rod to battle the imports, and a .002-in. "thin tin" to foil aluminum's inroads in the packaging business. U.S. Steel recently opened its first two oxygen furnaces at Duquesne, Pa., may build four others at Birmingham and Lorain, Ohio. To capture more of the rich Midwestern market from Inland, Republic, National and Bethlehem, U.S. Steel is building three oxygen furnaces and a continuous casting line at Gary and a strip mill at South Chicago capable of turning out enough tin cans to supply almost all the nation's needs.

First quarter sales, helped by price increases on 75% of its products last year, were 11% higher than the same period of 1963. But not even its managers expect the full effect of their corporate changes and capital spending to be felt until 1966 or 1967. Competitors believe that U.S. Steel is still in the midst of upheaval, and they hope to exploit it to their own advantage for several years. President Worthington agrees in part. Says he: "Nobody around here is saying that this reorganization is the last word."

## THE ECONOMY

### Where the Growth Is

Every week the surging U.S. economy packs a few more happy surprises and leaves some old records behind. Last week the Government reported important gains in retail sales, inventory buying and capital spending. While businessmen last February budgeted a 10% increase in capital spending for 1964, the Commerce Department re-



NASA MANNED SPACECRAFT CENTER NEAR HOUSTON

Some areas are moving fast.

ports that they now plan a 12% gain, to almost \$44 billion. The benefits will be uneven; the U.S. economy is so varied that some regions of the country are clearly doing better than others. A comparison by regions:

**The South,** which paced the nation with a 6% rise in personal income last year, will continue to lure industry with sunshine, low-wage labor and generous tax concessions. Last week multimillion-dollar expansion programs were announced by Lockheed in Georgia, International Paper in Alabama, Reynolds Metals in Florida, Allied Chemical in South Carolina. Growth in chemicals and oil helped lift personal income in Louisiana well above the national average of 5% last year.

**The Southwest** gets more than its share of Government contract money, thanks in no small part to its important friends in Washington. NASA's new Manned-Spacecraft Center brings \$3,000,000 in monthly salaries to Houston, and at least 85 aerospace companies have landed in the area since 1961. The regional boom is broadly based. Last year the Southwest's industrial output rose 5%, construction 11%—both to all-time records. Texas has become the nation's leading producer of basic chemicals, and its \$5 billion petrochemical industry is a bigger business than oil refining.

**The West** senses some growing pains. Southern California last year started more new houses and apartments—200,000—than any entire state, but local contractors now complain of overbuilding. Cutbacks in defense spending during April resulted in 5,000 layoffs in California, which depends upon the Pentagon for fully one-third of its manufacturing output. But personal income in neighboring Nevada last year ran

13% ahead of the 1962 rate—a more rapid gain than any other state's—mostly because of its returns from legalized gambling.

**The Midwest** is growing more slowly than other regions because such fast-growth industries as aerospace and defense have drifted to areas that boast a gentler climate and more persuasive Congressmen. Compared with the same period last year, personal income during the first quarter rose scarcely 5% in Missouri, Illinois, Iowa. But auto-booming Michigan gained almost 8% and the unemployment rate there is down to 3.6%.

**The Northeast** is also moving less rapidly than the South and West, partly because those regions have more room for expansion. Last year, personal income ran from 4% to 5% higher in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. These highly developed regions stand to fare better in the future. The Labor Department recently predicted that the fastest-growing businesses during the last half of the 1960s will be construction, electronics, publishing, trucking, retail and wholesale trade—precisely those sectors in which the Northeast is strongest.

## JUNIOR EXECUTIVES

### Most Likely to Succeed

Smiling recruiters from 18 companies will take over 32 rooms in Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria this week to interview more than 600 college graduates. On hand will be personnel specialists from Boeing, Bristol-Myers, Chase Manhattan, Equitable Life, Lever Bros., J. C. Penney, Xerox and other giants. The young men who will get the corporate glad hand are some of the most sought-after graduates of the class of '64. They

# How can you teach your child the value of money?

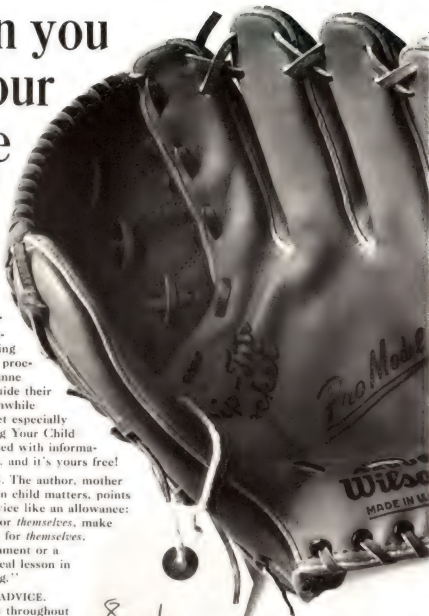
New free booklet helps solve an age-old problem.

Children quickly learn the *importance* of money—but teaching them its *value* is a long, slow process. So says child expert Suzanne Strait. And to help parents guide their youngsters towards this worthwhile goal, she has written a booklet especially for New York Life. "Teaching Your Child the Value of Money" is packed with informative, practical suggestions . . . and it's yours free!

**LET THEM LEARN BY DOING.** The author, mother of 4, and a respected writer on child matters, points out there's no educational device like an allowance: "Let children handle money for *themselves*, make their own mistakes, and learn for *themselves*. Do not use money as a punishment or a reward, but rather as a practical lesson in getting, choosing and spending."

**EXAMPLES AND PRACTICAL ADVICE.** There are numerous examples throughout this booklet, illustrating how youngsters at various ages often react to money and the problems it poses. In addition, Suzanne Strait offers tips to help parents set a good financial model. Above all, *trust your children*, she says—give them leeway. Just as in learning to sew or saw, they'll make mistakes, but they will learn in the long run.

**GET THIS HELPFUL FREE BOOKLET.** No matter what age your children, there's something of value for you in "Teaching Your Child the Value of Money." For a free copy, send the coupon or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*



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—THIS COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON A POSTCARD—

hold a variety of degrees, but they have one thing in common: all are Negroes.

**The Right Time.** Quite a few companies have asked colleges and Negro organizations to help them find Negro management trainees. In some cases this is a calculated gesture, a sort of bend-over-backward bow that has been forced by social and political pressures. Says New York University Associate Placement Director André Beaumont: "If a white and a Negro graduate were competing for the same job and were equal in every respect save skin color, the job would go to the Negro." Some defense contractors feel it is good business to display Negroes conspicuously at drafting tables and in labs. Consumer-oriented companies are inclined to woo Negro trainees to avoid the unpleasantness of picket lines and sit-ins. By and large, however, U.S. companies are seeking Negroes for promising jobs because they feel it is the right thing to do and the right time to do it. "We are looking for brains," says Swift & Co. Recruiter Edward Hall, "and they come in all sizes and colors."

Finding them is not always easy. Manhattan Personnel Consultant Richard Clarke, a Negro who organized the recruiting jamboree at the Waldorf, estimates that there are only five Negro graduates available for every 100 management-level jobs open to them. There are 25,000 Negroes among this year's 500,000 graduates, and many of them do not choose corporate careers. For example, 21-year-old Edward Wong, a B-plus graduate from Chicago's Loyola University, had interviews with eight companies but elected to go to law school. Negro students have traditionally opted for such sheltered fields as teaching, government and social work, where discrimination has been relatively mild. As for business, Negroes have felt—with justification—that their opportunities would be severely limited.

Some doors are still shut. But such formerly "tight" fields as banking, bro-

kerage, steel and the auto industry are opening wider. Negro recruits are increasingly welcome at airlines, retail stores and food, petroleum, aerospace and electrical-equipment companies.

**The Right Man.** The Negro is arriving at name-on-the-door status at a time when starting salaries for all kinds of graduates can only make old grads cluck in envy. The best-paid are top-graded engineers, whose B.S. degrees will earn them between \$600 and \$625 a month. Even graduates in the lowest-paying fields—government, journalism and general business—stand to begin at \$400 to \$500. William Eagleson, a 22-year-old Negro from M.I.T. (B.S. in metallurgy), was interviewed on campus by seven companies, accepted invitations for four plant tours, decided to enter Ford's management program at \$625 a month plus many fringe benefits. "The other companies may have been interested in me because I was a Negro," he says. "But I got the job at Ford because I am a man they can use."

## EMPLOYEES

### The Power of Suggestion

By changing its sales contracts to include extra charges for valuable bismuth sprinkled through its copper by-products, Kennecott Copper this year will earn an extra \$100,000. Accountant Robert J. Edwards, who proposed the addition, has profited too. The \$25,000 that Kennecott awarded him made Edwards the top winner among 500,000 employees to whom major corporations paid \$19 million for suggestions last year.

Suggestion boxes were once considered a joke, and some employees still treat them that way. Most managers now take them quite seriously, have lately started to solicit suggestions from engineers and supervisors as well as clerks and production workers. Companies accept some 30% of the suggestions, save an estimated \$200 million a year from the ideas they take out of the box. Says Douglas Aircraft President Donald W. Douglas Jr.: "These ideas help us improve our competitive position through reduced costs." Ford is so eager for ideas that employees who win the maximum \$6,000 award also receive a new car. So far this year, ten suggestion stars have lifted themselves into Galaxies.

No idea is too small. A Liberty Mutual office worker suggested that the company install a second mirror in the ladies' room. "It turned out to be a great timesaver," says an executive of the company, which paid her \$15. Most ideas are more technical, and many are more lucrative. The record award—\$72,186, spread over the past three years—went to two IBM technicians, Charles G. Glancey and Lawrence R. Livigni, who figured out a way to eliminate 14 printed circuits in a computer. Along with other suggestions for which General Electric has paid \$14 million



HERZIG & HOUSE THAT IDEAS BOUGHT  
Nothing too small.

in the past 40 years was the "Peek-a-Brew" coffeemaker, which shows how much coffee is inside.

Once an employee wins with a suggestion, he almost always tries again. At General Motors, where \$7,000,000 was distributed to more than 200,000 employees for suggestions last year, a die tester named George Herzig is the grand champion. In 17 years, he has dropped 134 suggestions in the box, had 35 accepted. With the \$41,905 he received, he has bought and furnished a house.

## TOBACCO

### Tar Czar

Sales of cigarettes, which fell sharply after the Surgeon General's report in January, have lit up again. Last week the Internal Revenue Service reported a steady gain—29 billion smokes shipped in February, 38 billion in March, 44 billion in April. The April total was almost 5% higher than that for the same month last year.

Tobacco men still must puff easily on their advertising. Pressured by the Federal Trade Commission, nine cigarette companies formed the Cigarette Advertising Code, Inc. Last week they named a smoke warden to administer the code: Lawyer Robert B. Meyner, 55, former (1954-62) Governor of New Jersey.

Meyner—who will work part-time for an undisclosed salary—will have authority to filter out ads that are pitched to youngsters or suggest that smoking promotes success, social acceptance, health or virility. His first act was to put in a word for the sponsors: "I think it is rather remarkable that people with a great deal of self-interest have set up a code that goes so far. I feel it can be enforced." To help him handle cigarette makers who would rather fight than switch, he can levy fines up to \$100,000. Meyner, once a heavy smoker, now limits himself to half a dozen after dinner. Which brand? "The code says I have to be impartial."



GRADUATE WONG & JOB INTERVIEWER  
All things being equal.





**THRUST.** Rocket fuel ignites; blast comes out in one direction; the spacecraft moves—thrusts—in the opposite direction. □ This action-reaction is the simple basis for all three principal types of rocket power—liquid, solid and nuclear. □ Rocket power—all three kinds—is a major part of Aerojet-General's business. It has been for more than twenty years. □ The Free World's leading producer of propulsion systems, Aerojet has manufactured three-quarters of a million rocket engines for space and defense.



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This is the bird that launched a thousand sips:  
More likely a thousand thousand. Probably more. And a  
good many of those sippers were illustrious men—Daniel  
Webster, Andrew Jackson, O. Henry—Old Crowers, all. Once  
you experience Old Crow's character and mellow smooth-  
ness you'll understand why it's modern America's favorite  
bourbon, too. Pleasure ahoy!

# OLD CROW

The greatest name in bourbon



DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY

## TRADE

### When Poor Meets Rich

There is an old Middle Eastern story about the beggar who boasts in the bazaar that he is going to marry the sultan's daughter. "I've decided to do it, and I have my parents' consent," said he. "All I have to do now is get her agreement—and the sultan's."

That tale was wagged around the

mind\* that the World Bank grant loans to countries that suffer from commodity-price declines, and that the industrial nations set a foreign aid goal of 1% of their "national income," that is, the sum of their personal income and corporate profits.\*

More important was the fact that the underdeveloped nations moved toward creating a new alliance—along economic, not ideological lines. Though they



PREBISCH & EL-KAISSOUNI AT U.N. CONFERENCE  
New alliances are economic, not ideological.

corridors of Geneva's Palais des Nations last week, as the first great confrontation of the world's rich and poor nations reached its final hours. For three months at the U.N. Conference on Trade and Development, 75 underdeveloped nations squared off against 29 industrialized nations, which had been shotgunning into the meeting in the first place. At issue was how to improve the poorer nations' dwindling share of world trade. The underdeveloped bloc came up with a list of extravagant demands that would boggle even a sultan: preferential tariff treatment for their manufactured goods, abolition of all barriers against their raw material exports, high fixed commodity prices. Predictably, the wealthy nations did not buy.

**North v. South.** By sheer weight of numbers, the underdeveloped nations got their way in the endless committee meetings. But the resolutions meant little without the backing of the industrial nations that carry on 80% of the world's trade. Working against the June 15 adjournment deadline, the conference's president, Egypt's Deputy Premier Abdel Moneim El-kaisouni, and secretary general, Argentine Economist Raúl Prebisch, used their skills as suave fixers to salvage some things. The industrial nations' delegates made several soft compromises. By supporting proposals to reconvene the trade meeting every three years and to set up a small secretariat at Geneva, they moved toward creating what someday could become a new trading organization for the world. They also agreed to "recom-

bickered among themselves, they held fairly firm against the richer lands, both free and Communist. Said U.S. Delegate Richard N. Gardiner: "This is the first major international conference in which the East-West confrontation has been submerged by the North-South divisions."

**Get that GATT.** Failure of the U.N. conference to produce a quick cure for trade deficits only strengthened the 62-nation General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the single permanent machinery for lowering barriers and expanding trade. GATT carries the hopes of industrial nations for freer trade, but is by no means ignoring less developed ones. In the continuing "Kennedy Round" of negotiations, GATT ministers aim for 50% across-the-board tariff cuts that would be extended to underdeveloped countries on a nonreciprocal basis.

Moscow damns GATT as a "rich men's club," but Communist countries are beginning to cozy up to it. Poland became an associate member last year. While in Geneva, Hungary and Bulgaria put out feelers. Delegates from Rumania are conferring seriously with GATT officials. Even the Russians have made guarded inquiries about setting up a permanent mission to the Common Market in Brussels—presumably a first step toward closer relations with all the West's trading organizations.

\* At the current rate, that would add \$1.3 billion to the U.S.'s proposed \$3.4 billion foreign aid budget for next year.

## COMMODITIES

### Rotten Cotton?

Exporters of U.S. cotton, who this year will ship \$600 million worth of the nation's sixth largest export, have a tough row to hoe. More and more European buyers are complaining about the condition of U.S. cotton. "America sends us the worst-made-up bales," says Harry Tonge, chairman of Britain's Raw Cotton Committee. Grumbles one Genoa importer: "The condition of U.S. cotton cries out for revenge." Some countries are beginning to take revenge. Communist Bulgaria judged a shipment to be so shoddy that it not only delayed unloading the \$2,750,000 cargo last month but impounded the Danish freighter that carried it. Last week the Bulgars finally released the ship—after its owners agreed to put up \$350,000 pending an international investigation to determine whether the cotton was damaged in transit.

Loudest complaints come from Bremen, Europe's busiest cotton exchange. German importers cast baleful eyes upon slashed bundles of brittle, short-fibered U.S. cotton that sometimes contains a large amount of twigs, leaves and rocks. Nearly half the U.S. cotton shipments to Bremen go into arbitration, which often results in stiff price penalties for the U.S. shippers.

Why does the U.S., which prides itself on exporting quality goods, have this problem? European buyers blame the poor condition of the cotton partly on U.S. mechanization. Cotton-picking machines gather more leaves and stems than hand-pickers do: fast-ginning machines dry the cotton excessively, leaving the fibers broken and brittle. The Agriculture Department contends that



U.S. BALES AT BREMEN  
Brittle, short-fibered and twiggly.

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... bullish or bearish, good or bad.

However you describe the market outlook, there's one thing that just about everyone realizes: It changes.

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quality has actually improved in recent years, says the complaints stem mainly from the Europeans' desire to achieve lower prices through arbitration.

The Europeans have a legitimate grievance and a good part of the responsibility for it rests with the U.S. federal bureaucracy. Piling subsidy atop subsidy, the Government buys up much of the cotton that U.S. farmers grow, and it handles most of the cotton that is exported. The Government is supposed to properly inspect the bales, but apparently its standards of classification and control are not sufficiently strict. Exporters buy the cotton from the Government, sometimes sell low grades at high-grade prices—and Washington does not stop them.

The record of another exporter adds to the embarrassment of the U.S. Of the 90,000 bales that Russia shipped to Bremen last year, only 95 were subject to arbitration.

## CANADA

### Back to the Mines

Mining in Canada seems to follow a pattern of seven years of fat, seven years of lean. The great uranium boom pumped \$10 billion into the Canadian economy between 1950 and 1957, then fizzled. Now, after seven fairly slender years, a new mining rush is on. Some 900 companies are drilling for metals and oil from New Brunswick to British Columbia.

The big dig has been prompted by half a dozen recent oil, gas and metal strikes, notably the spectacular copper, zinc and silver find by Texas Gulf Sulphur near Timmins, Ont. More than 1,000 prospectors have staked 8,000 claims, some as far as 65 miles from the strike site. Texas Gulf Sulphur will spend \$20 million to develop its Timmins properties, and such Canadian firms as Noranda Mines, Hudson's Bay and Consolidated Mining together have raised their exploration budgets in the area by \$10 million. International Nickel put 30 surveyors to work, some in helicopters, and even staked more than 40 claims to the Timmins airport—under which copper is thought to be buried.

The hunt is by no means confined to Ontario. In western Canada and the Arctic regions, Imperial Oil, Home Oil, Shell Canada, California Standard and half a dozen other firms intend to spend more than \$300 million exploring for oil and gas this year.

**Frenzied Trades.** Mining men have always known that Canada hides a treasure of minerals. But because of high development costs, great distances from markets and erratic transportation, they have exploited that country less than the U.S. Some recent changes now make the effort and expense worthwhile. World prices of copper, lead and zinc have jumped because of political unrest in Chile and Africa. This year also, prospectors struck oil in Alberta,

gas in British Columbia and nickel in Manitoba. Geologists estimate the value of the Timmins find at \$1 billion, and many of them believe it ultimately will return much more.

All this has led to the most frenzied trading in mining stocks in history. Over the past two months, more than 1 billion shares in Canadian mining companies have changed hands on the Toronto Stock Exchange, and more than 14 million shares of Texas Gulf have traded on the New York Stock Exchange. Brokers figure that half a dozen mining companies have raised between \$4,000,000 and \$6,000,000 by floating new shares. Some of the funds have already slipped back across the border, are being used by United Comstock Lode Lines to reopen the dormant Comstock

JOHN REUTER



PAT GIARDINE (LEFT) AT TIMMINS SITE  
The rush is on.

gold mine in Nevada. Among the half dozen new millionaires at Timmins, 28-year-old Pat Giardine made a killing on both his claims and controlling interest in Bunker Hill Extension Mines—which he had bought for a song.

**Staggering Markups.** Promoters have also made millions by buying prospectors' claims and selling them at staggering markups to speculators. Much of the Timmins land is owned by descendants of Boer War veterans, who were granted the mining rights in perpetuity. One promoter tracked down an heir in Buffalo, paid him \$400 for his rights, sold them the next day for \$30,000. There has been more claim jumping in Timmins in the last two months than in the previous 50 years.

Whatever the outcome of the searches and speculation, Canada's economy is sure to profit. The country is the world's third biggest miner, behind the U.S. and Russia. From mines and wells already operating, Canada this year expects to increase output of copper, zinc, oil and gas by 10%, potash by 50%. It will earn more than \$3 billion from minerals, and Federal Mines Minister William Bendickson predicts that output will reach \$4 billion by 1970.



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**I** We have the best-looking economy convertible around. Long, clean lines. Top folds out of sight. Walnut dash. It's also the lowest-priced convertible in the U.S. Most people can't believe it.

The beauty's more than skin deep, too. The new Triumph 1200 gives you 20% more horsepower. Gives you more get-up-and-go in traffic, more zip on hills, more power while passing. Does well over 80 mph. Pretty hot for an economy car, hey?

It handles like a sports car. (Several English racing cars use the 1200 front end components.) Four-speed stick shift. Four-wheel independent suspension.

Practical, too. Built for a family of four. Driver's bucket seat adjusts to 72 different driving positions. Loads of leg, head and luggage room. Steering wheel is adjustable.

How do you spot this hot new 1200? By the new grille.

It marks the best all-around economy car going.

The economy car designed and engineered by the people who make the famous TR-4.

We have a snappy sedan, too. Roomy. Solid. Fast. Does everything the convertible does. So handsome it puts other economy cars to shame. It's only \$1699\*.

Who says an economy car has to look like one!



**Triumph 1200**

\*Suggested retail price MSRP plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West Coast for dealer or factory Paper Coverance delivery available. Standard Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 905 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. Canada: Standard Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1405 Eglinton Ave. W., Toronto, Ont. Can.



## CINEMA

### Olivia Goes Ape

**Lady in a Cage.** A power failure. In an elegant old mansion a self-service elevator stops suddenly at an awkward level between floors. In it, mildly startled, stands a middle-aged woman with a book of poems in one hand and a Lowestoft jar in the other. "Don't worry," she reassures herself. "This can't last more than a few minutes." But it does. It lasts all day, a day of wrath that changes a cultured woman into a caged beast and adds Olivia de Havilland, now 47, to the list of cinemaactresses (Bette Davis, Joan Crawford) who would apparently rather be freaks than be forgotten.

Unable to open the elevator door, the woman (Olivia) presses the panic button. In the service street behind the house an alarm begins to jangle. A drunken derelict hears it, wanders up to the kitchen door, peeks in, sees a bottle of wine vinegar, deliriously smashes a window pane, enters the house and goes staggering through it in search of liquid plunder.

He finds it, but then he finds so many other wonderful things to steal that the sight sobers him and he runs off to collect a more efficient colleague (Ann Sothern). Poor slob, he also collects three predatory teen-agers, two boys and a girl, who tail him back to the mansion, snatch his hoodle, conk him cold and, finding nothing better to do, kill him.

All this the trapped woman watches in helpless horror, but fear and anger do their work in her, and when the



OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND IN "CAGE"  
A panic at the blood bank.

# John Begg



# was here!

Can a Scotch actually *taste* good? Ask the born-and-bred Scotch drinkers. They've been smacking their lips over John Begg for years. Suddenly this grand old name is on the tip of everybody's tongue. "A wee bit better than the best," say the poetic Scots of their treasured John Begg, whose taste is gentle, and whose price is light. **\$5.77**

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SI reaches a total audience of 8,485,000—at a lower cost per thousand (\$0.85) than Look, the Post, Reader's Digest or the newsweeklies.

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(with a magnificent view thrown in!)

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And why? Years from now, Eljer styling will still be in fashion. Example: this guest-pleasing "Samoa" bath designed with clean, attractive lines for utmost comfort and safety. All Eljer fixtures stay around a long time, too, because they are built to take the rough handling travelers dish out. Beneath easy-cleaning, acid-resistant finishes are durable materials—hard vitreous china, rugged cast iron or formed steel. So when you want to equip hotel and motel bathrooms for beauty and endurance, specify Eljer. For more information, write The Murray Corporation of America, Eljer Plumbingware Division, Dept. TM, P.O. Box 836, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230

**ELJER**  
SINCE 1904 FINE PLUMBING FIXTURES

NY17

killers at last come to kill her they discover that the lady in the cage has turned into a tigress.

*Lady*, in short, is just a routine withdrawal from Hollywood's bottomless blood bank, but it does give Olivia a grand chance to go ape. She gibbers, growls, simpers, screeches; rolls her eyes, tears her hair, rattles the bars, climbs the walls, hawls a snatch of *Alouette*, jabs a villain's eyes out with some jagged metal strips; and at the climax, screaming like mad, crawls through the nearest gutter in a \$400 negligee. Attagirl, Ollie.

### The Bard in Barcelona

*Los Tarantos*, described in its publicity as "a Spanish *West Side Story*," spills its Romeo and Juliet legend onto the screen with a moving, ferocious beauty more in the spirit of the memorable *Black Orpheus*. As drama, it is only an idyl warmed over. As dance and folk poetry, it has a forceful, shimmering integrity of its own.

In modern Barcelona, the feud of two passionate gypsy clans, the Tarantos and the Zorongos, provides a turbulent prologue to the first meeting of young Rafael and Juana at a wedding feast. Dark eyes burn, hands slap out flamenco rhythm, bare feet pound the golden dust: thus Director Rovira-Beleta wordlessly launches a tale of love at first sight with an excitement that Shakespeare himself might envy. Later he tries too many tricky variations on the familiar story line, occasionally becoming somewhat incoherent, but his feel for Spanish gypsy folkways never falters. The tragedy mounts while men, women and children dance a fervid accompaniment in which the worst of enemies seem, at long last, brothers in blood.

Playing Rafael's mother with fiery whiplash energy, Dancer Carmen Amaya proudly declares: "When your father met me, he danced until his feet bled. They were bandaged for 15 days." Ever alert to such cues, *Los Tarantos* throbs whenever plot and subtitles give way to the stirring beat of darting hands and clicking heels. When an old man caracoles through a whirlwind of autumn leaves. Or when Rafael's doomed friend (Antonio Gades) dances among Barcelona's street sprinklers in the silver-blue wash of a winter's night, casting a rich theatrical spell that makes many another movie musical look as pale as 60-watt moonshine.

### Based on a Premise

*The Troublemaker* is an avant-gardish comedy geared to the perceptions of bearded anarchists. But for half of its 80-minute length, practically anyone can enjoy it. Anyone, at least, who is reasonably irresponsible, mad about old movies, and perhaps a wee bit crazy in the first place. Written and directed by Theodore J. Flicker, onetime entrepreneur of a Greenwich Village coffee-and-show house known as *The Premise*,

TIME, JUNE 19, 1964

If you drive a car...seek a new career...or use canned foods...



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The Mets are better in color. See them on WGB-TV, Channel 9.



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**How long will a Mack truck last? We don't know, yet.**



The Silver Flour Warehouse and Trucking Corporation bought this Mack AC Truck in 1929.

35 years ago this Mack had a lustrous green finish, and its dog-eared fenders stood straight and true. Once there was a shiny gold stripe hugging the contour of its body, and once, not a single cigarette burn on its rich leather upholstery.

Only one thing about this old Mack hasn't changed in all those

years. Its performance. It was great then. And it is great now.

Six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year, this Mack hauls fifteen tons of flour through busy New York City. For 35 years it's been stop-go, stop-go, through the Bronx, then through the traffic-snarled streets of Manhattan, and then through Brooklyn. And then back again.

Sure this Mack needed maintenance to stay on the job. Even a Mack needs that. But how much? That's the difference.

A couple of handfuls of spark plugs and points went into the engine. It needed two or three magneto overhauls. Then some oil filters, and a few carburetor adjustments. And back in 1952 a big

expense: the first and only engine overhaul in 35 years of grueling service.

Fantastic? Sensational? Yes, you could say that about this Mack and the many others like it. But please don't. We would prefer that you simply call it The Money Truck.

The Money Truck is the truck that makes more money for its owner. Can you think of a better

description of Silver Flour's old Mack?

And can you think of a better name for a new Mack?

A new Mack works harder, lasts longer, and costs you less to run, whether you are moving cargo over smooth interstate highways, hauling tons of rock over a bumpy dirt road, or mixing thousands of yards of concrete. Call the 1954 Mack The Money Truck, too.

Did someone ask, "How long will my new Mack last?"

35 years from now we probably will say, "We don't know yet."

Mack Trucks, Inc., Montvale, N. J.





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"To introduce improved Purina Dog Chow, we wanted to sample as many dog owners as possible. Reader's Digest offered its enormous circulation and a high ratio of dog-owning families. So we assigned the Digest a major role in our 10¢-off coupon promotion," reports R. L. Eskridge, Advertising Director of Ralston Purina Company.

"One out of every three dog-owning Reader's Digest families cashed a cou-

pon. Truly an amazing performance.

"This promotion was the most successful we ever had. Our share of market increased substantially during the coupon period and in the next period our grocery sales hit an all-time high. Purina Dog Chow continues to be America's largest-selling dog food."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14½ million U.S. families (25 million world-wide) buy each issue.

Adapted from Purina Dog Chow. The Golden Advertising Campaign



TOM ALDREDGE IN "TROUBLEMAKER"  
A firetrap full of promise.

the movie tells of young Jack Armstrong (Tom Aldredge) who arrives in An Unidentified City—the one substantial clue to its whereabouts is a Statue of Liberty in the harbor—and tries to open a coffeehouse. He finds a promising firetrap on Bleecker Street, signs a lease that looks like a Dead Sea Scroll, and begins to clear out the debris, among which he uncovers *Citizen Kane's* sled, inscribed "Rosebud."

Ostensibly inspired by his own experiences with municipal corruption, Flicker-voon wraps his hero in red tape and delivers him to a greedy pack of policemen, firemen, city inspectors and hot-shot racketeers, all seeking payoffs. The cop is a half-witted movie monster, obviously put together by graft. The fireman is a Negro with an Irish brogue. Behind them all looms the Syndicate's Mr. Big, who may or may not be the local crime commissioner.

But such frequently sophomoric social satire is what's wrong with Flicker's cinematic prank. What's right with it is its irrepressible urge to let the plot go hang and take up more amusing matters, some of them crude, some of them nude, a few of them downright side-splitting.

Jack Armstrong's cohorts are an improper Bohemian (Joan Darling) and "an aggressive, successful young lawyer" (Buck Henry), an astringent facsimile of Jack Lemmon with everything pared away but the raging, libidinous core. Together these three spray buckshot at everything from psychological testing to Hollywood sex and suspense to Harold Lloyd cliffhangers and the sacrifice of 5th century Chinese maidens. Occasionally they take time out to paint one another white, or to elude a Sanitation Department truck propelled by murderous impulses. With all its freewheeling eclecticism and formless exuberance, *The Troublemaker* is finally just funny enough to leave an audience feeling it ought to have been a whole lot better.

# More puffery?



## A message directed to executives of businesses that are going.

We could justly pop a few buttons propounding and proclaiming about taxes, transportation, power, water, labor, livability and more. But even if you were kind enough to overlook the apparent puffery, we couldn't button-hole you long without buttoning down the dollar and sense question "Is Maine the most desirable place for your next new plant?"

Is it? Naturally we'd like to think so. But an impartial answer can only come from specific questions only you can ask. Answering you fully and factually will likely

mean some hard work for us. But we are used to hard work. Maine wouldn't be industrial if its people weren't industrious.

The previous sentence is a promising remark read it again.

Your questions will receive immediate attention and will be handled in confidence.

Standish K. Bachman, Commissioner  
Maine Dept. of Economic Development  
Room 211T, State House, Augusta, Me

## Industrious Maine, New England's big stake in the future





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## In the Village Hollow

TO AN EARLY GRAVE by Wallace Markfield. 255 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

This hilarious first novel can be enjoyed by the general reader for its grotesque comedy, savored by the insider for its satire on the folkways of Greenwich Village intellectuals. "I raised you from a Middle-brow. I weaned you away from the art films, showed you the difference between the Western as mass myth and mass rite," one character tells another. It can also be read as a seriocomic exploration of the hollowness concealed beneath the vintage sophistication that has long been iden-

WALLACE MARKFIELD



WALLACE MARKFIELD  
Greenwich Village in jargon.

tified as Greenwich Village at its most intellectually pretentious.

Author Markfield's quartet of intellectuals revolves around the Little Magazines, to which they rarely contribute but wish they did. There is Felix Ottenstein, burly book reviewer for a Yiddish daily, who refers to himself as *der Alte* and browbeats his sullen son because he is still a student at 27 ("The way Catherine the Great took lovers, he takes courses"). There is Barnett Weiner, a fading poet-critic who remembers peevishly the time when his picture appeared on the dust jacket of *New Critics*, 1944. There is Holly Levine, who teaches creative writing but keeps a copy of *Playboy* hidden under the *Kenyon Reviews*. Composing a review: "He hissed softly. 'Trilling . . . Leavis . . . Ransom . . . Tate . . . Kazin . . . Chase . . .'" and saw them, the Fathers, as though from a vast amphitheater, smiling at him, and he smiled at them." Finally, there is Morroe Riff, not quite "in" because he is an organizer and speechwriter for a Jewish fund-raising organization. (By no co-

incidence, Author Markfield is a publicity writer for the Anti-Defamation League.)

**Whisky & Bier.** As the novel begins, the intellectual quartet finds itself bereft. Leslie Braverman, a bona fide writer who published more than 100 articles that were read and discussed, has just died of a coronary at 40, and satellites are in a panic. For Leslie held perpetual open house, fed them ideas and patiently listened to theirs. He had integrity—"the way some people have b.o.," remembers one of the survivors emotionally. Leslie's wife also made herself available—and not just for talk.

On a kind of odyssey via Volkswagen, the four intellectuals drive to Leslie's funeral in Brooklyn, a voyage of self-discovery. Spouting psychoanalytical jargon, needing one another and everybody else, the Volkswagen men bumble through Brooklyn, pulling at a bottle of whisky, stopping at intermittent bars, where they are worsted by all the local Cyclops and Circes. Finally, they barge into the funeral parlor, snort, giggle and guffaw over the rabbi's sermon—obviously they knew Leslie so much better than the rabbi ever did. They file past the bier, peer in—whoops, the cadaver is not Leslie. Wrong funeral parlor.

**Home Truths.** At odyssey's end, the four intellectuals are, if not wiser, at least candid. They have grown closer than they have ever been, and they may never meet again. Too many home truths have been blurted—the lofty literary Ottenstein, for instance, reveals that he also writes boilerplate for the magazine section of the Yiddish daily under the pen name N. J. Felix. Holly wearily confesses that nothing happens any longer when he writes down the magic words *tradition, tragic, committed, alienation*. "The word moral looked mean and angry, ailing on the page. And two weeks ago, with the best will, I was unable to pull it through. Dead!" Finally, the three turn on Morroe, whose "moral hypocrisy," they decide, has led them astray, and exorcise him from them in an ancient Jewish ceremony.

But Morroe ultimately comes off best. Beset by his companions, in a drunken peroration Morroe appeals to his dead friend: "Leslie, he begged, intercede for me. I am no big intellect. I am no bargain. I watch too much television. I read, but I do not retain. I am not lost exactly, but I am still nowhere. I am the servant of no great cause. I follow the recommendations of the *Consumer's Research Bulletin*. But do me this favor, anyway. Keep them off. For they hem me in from all sides now. They put in my mouth the taste of darkness. They give me queer feelings, they get me all balled up."

And in the end, it is only Morroe who can genuinely cry for Leslie, the man of integrity.

AROUND ABOUT AMERICA by Erskine Caldwell with illustrations by Virginia M. Caldwell. 224 pages. Farrar, Straus. \$4.50.

Erskine Caldwell and Second Wife Margaret Bourke-White collaborated in 1940 on a book called *Say! Is This the U.S.A.?* ("This America is a jungle of men living in the extremes of good and bad, heat and cold, wealth and poverty . . .") Now, working with a new wife and a new title, Caldwell has turned in almost the same text ("Dynamic. Depressing. Open-all-night. Closed-for-the-season. Everybody welcome. White only. Colored entrance. Battered with wealth and despairing in poverty. Aggressive and reactionary."). But the 1964-model Caldwell & Com-

ERKINE CALDWELL



CALDWELL & WIFE  
The 1940s Revisited.

pany seems much milder, and the result of the collaboration is a sort of filter-tip Tobacco Road.

Caldwell and Wife Virginia traveled 25,000 miles in airplanes and rented cars. Mrs. Caldwell's drawings are of high school yearbook caliber, and Caldwell's interviewees are a strangely faceless lot, given to some of the most doubtful quotes outside the fine print of a *New Yorker* filler. A folksy old lady called Aunt Martha, of Riverhead, Long Island, moans over "this creeping menace of real estate, these acres and acres of housing colonies, shopping centers, garish neon lights blazing all night long, and every other kind of desecration of beautiful Long Island." At nearly every stop across the country, Caldwell parks his rent-a-soapbox and rips off a little speech. In Birmingham the subject is integration, and the speech takes the form of a catechism (Q. "Will desegregation and integration produce a mutilated social system in the United States?" A. "Probably."). In Nacogdoches, Texas, he sounds off on writers' conferences with some not-so-new



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things to say about the fringe literati who attend them.

Along the dreary road of social awareness are comfort stations offering comic relief to the weary. At WHER, an all-girl radio station in Memphis, there is an advertising saleswoman whose ashtay bears the well-worn lettering: "Long Time No He." In Welch, W. Va., there is a motel operator whose sideline is painting Fundamentalist road signs; his masterpiece reads:

WHERE WILL YOU BE IN ETERNITY?

WHERE WILL YOU BE TONIGHT?

WHY NOT AT THE SHADY GLEN MOTEL?

Caldwell should stick to his fictional white trash. They are more interesting.

## The Emerson of Music

THAYER'S LIFE OF BEETHOVEN edited by Elliot Forbes. 2 volumes, 1,136 pages. Princeton. \$25.

It was Richard Wagner who called Beethoven "a world walking among men." The world was, of course, his music, and there is no more striking example of a world so self-contained or so apparently independent of the man who created it. All of the conscious or subconscious control that Beethoven was capable of seems to have gone into the music—leaving none for the day-by-day business of living. The human Beethoven could not add, could not learn the rules of grammar, and could not master his emotions. For a time, his biographers were able to ignore these facts. But in 1866 the first volume of Alexander Wheelock Thayer's great *Life* appeared, and Beethoven biography has not been the same since.

An Ounce of Accuracy. Thayer was no debunker, but he was a scrupulous researcher after the truth. Until he wrote his *Life*, Beethoven biography had been a tissue of romantic fables and errors in "almost ludicrous contrast," as Thayer put it, to the facts of the composer's life. Thayer decided to set the record straight while he was still a graduate student at Harvard, and the effort occupied him for the rest of his life. On the theory that "an ounce of historical accuracy is worth a pound of rhetorical flourish," he went abroad in 1849 and roamed the Continent, rummaging through archives, talking with surviving Beethoven friends, old violinists and singing teachers, unearthing old letters and deciphering the scrawls and hieroglyphics in the composer's notebooks.

Always out of pocket and always complaining, like Beethoven, of his ill health (he had "overworked" his brain, he said, during a brief stint on the old New York Tribune and never recovered), Thayer labored for 40 years correcting dates, altering anecdotes and filling in the vast gaps in the Beethoven chronology. Because he could not find an English publisher, the *Life* came out, volume by volume, in German; by the time it appeared in English in 1920, it had long been regarded by scholars

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as a classic and its author had been dead for 23 years. Though long out of print, it is still the basic source book for all Beethoven biographies, and it has now been edited with notes and fascinating explanatory appendices by Harvard Professor Elliot Forbes.

It was Thayer who, by scrupulous study of the sketchbooks, revealed the slow and strangely tentative manner in which Beethoven composed, starting with ideas so trivial they look like a student's and rewriting virtually each bar a dozen times. Thayer's study of Beethoven's correspondence disproved not only the composer's supposed grand love affair with the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi but also alliances with many of the ladies with whom the sentimental 19th century liked to link his name. Factually, Thayer was rarely wrong (although he assumed the Beethoven family had come from Holland, whereas later research indicates it came from Belgium). Incredibly, a whole generation of biographers had accepted Dec. 16, 1772 as the date of Beethoven's birth until Thayer established it as occurring two years earlier, thus clearing up a series of chronological contradictions that had plagued students of the first half of the composer's life.

**Ungovernable Temper.** It was the character of Beethoven that most fascinated Thayer, however, and he left a portrait of the man that every biographer, with varying degrees of embarrassment, has had to reckon with since. Thayer's Beethoven is a man of atrocious manners, immense ego and ungovernable temper who at one time or another turned on virtually every one of his friends and alienated most of the musicians of Vienna. His idea of a joke was to dump a bowl of gravy on a waiter who had brought him the wrong dish.

His ingratitude was staggering, and Thayer rightly criticizes him for gulling his old friend Johann Mälzel out of the first-performance rights to *The Battle Symphony*, which Mälzel had commissioned. Perhaps least appealing of all, he was a self-righteous moralist who could denounce his brother Johann's wife as "an infamous strumpet" though he himself, says Thayer primly, "did not always escape the common penalties of transgressing the laws of strict purity." What Thayer meant, as he later explained in correspondence, was that Beethoven had contracted syphilis, probably in the course of certain "conquests" during his early years in Vienna, and that his deafness may have resulted from it.

A generation after Thayer's death, at 80, in 1897, British Critic Ernest Newman set the fashion in psychological evaluation of Beethoven by concluding that he suffered from "morbid sex obsessions" because of his troubles with syphilis. Alexander Wheelock Thayer belonged to a gentler, less analytic age. All he could finally conclude about the man he had spent his



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life studying was that, to take him all in all, his was "a very human nature, one which, if it showed extraordinary strengths, exhibited also extraordinary weaknesses."

## At His Boozy Best

THE SCARPERER by Brendan Behan. 158 pages. Doubleday \$3.95.

To scarper is to make off, to run away, to escape, in Irish slang. And to scarper is what the young Brendan Behan must often have dreamed of doing in the six years he spent soberly behind bars, rather than convivially touring them. He put those dreams to good use in this merry and murderous mock-suspense story about a professional im-



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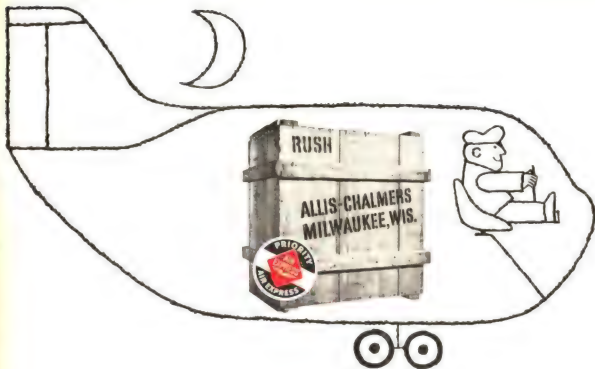
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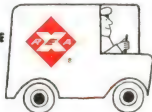




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Society for the Defense of the Horse, who stumbles on the Scarperer's scheme while trying to prevent Irish horses from being butchered for French tables. Gangster or guard, barfly or bystander, every one is deftly pinned to the specimen board with as little as a sentence or two of dialogue.

Behan wrote *The Scarperer* in 1953, at the height of his boozy powers. Published under a pseudonym as a serial in the Irish Times, it was rediscovered only after Behan offhandedly mentioned it to his London editor nearly ten years later. Light as a feather, compassionate, unsentimental, this high comedy about low life is the most artfully constructed thing the impulsive Behan ever wrote.

#### Notes of a Gutter Rousseau

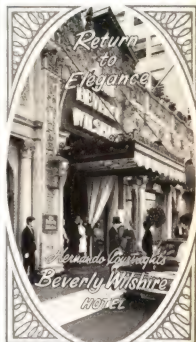
LES NUITS DE PARIS by Nicolas-Edme Restif de la Bretonne. 375 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

In the 18th century, Paris was the largest city on the Continent. It was also filthy, racked by poverty and raddled by crime. Through the dark jungle of Paris' nights slipped a curious cloaked observer, Nicolas-Edme Restif de la Bretonne. Part journalist, part novelist, part police spy, Restif was described by Havelock Ellis as "a gutter Rousseau," and has become something of a literary cult figure in France today. In *Les Nuits de Paris*, here translated into English for the first time, Restif created a unique record of the lower depths in all their gamy variety on the eve and in the first years of the French Revolution.

Burglars, lovers, beggars, whores, pickpockets and girl pinchers moving through the crowds, a condemned murderer broken on the wheel, thieves stealing food with a pole through an open window, medical students digging up cadavers in deserted graveyards, little girls and boys sold into prostitution—Restif saw them all. And he set them down as he saw them, in odd, choppy verbal snapshots, some grotesque, a few funny, but all in appalling contrast to the occasional fine lady or powdered gentleman whose carriage splatters them with mud or casually kills someone.

Restif's own sympathies were nonetheless with the aristocracy, and though he read rage in the eyes of the masses ("Statesmen, beware! A fateful revolution is approaching!"), he thought it could be checked by the wisdom of Louis XVI—and by cutting laborers' wages to remove the temptation to idleness. But his vignettes of violent street scenes and underworld characters develop into a seething panorama of the revolutionary mob, culminating inevitably in massacres in the streets and prisons, and finally in the Reign of Terror. As for Restif himself, he was several times in danger from the Terror, but made an abject declaration for the party of Robespierre and survived to become a minor police official under Napoleon.

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